

Ravelings

1904





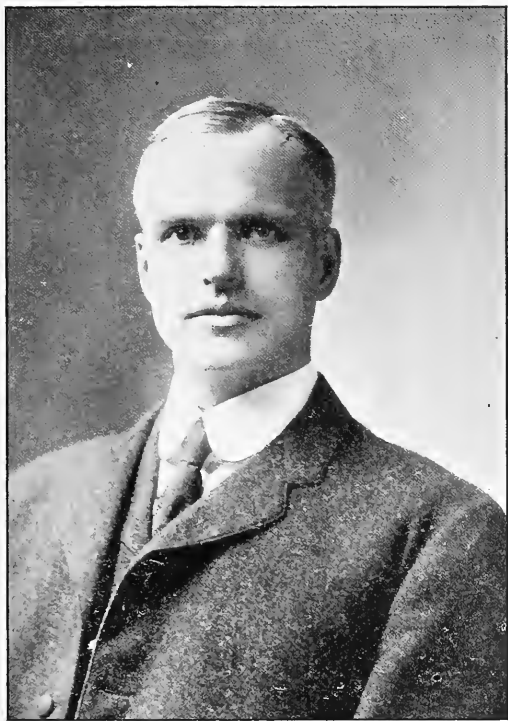
Traveling

1904

TO PROFESSOR J. N. SWAN
OF THE CHAIR OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE
WE MOST SINCERELY
INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME AS AN
EXPRESSION OF OUR DEEP REGARD FOR
A MAN OF KNOWN WORTH.
A FAITHFUL TEACHER,
AND A STEADFAST, GENEROUS FRIEND.

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The Ravelings

Published by

The Junior Class

of

1904

Monmouth College,

Monmouth, Illinois.

Vol. XI.

College Year 1902-03.

Introduction.

Greetings to You from the Class of Nineteen-four:

In placing this Annual before you, we offer no apologies. If you are pleased, so are we. If you are not, we cannot help it. We were not inspired in our effort. We have, however, endeavored faithfully to reproduce the past year in college history, and to furnish you a souvenir as attractive as possible of your life in Nineteen-two and Nineteen-three.

Travelings Board.

EDITORS IN CHIEF.

RUSSELL M. STORY.

JAMES PEACOCK.

ASSOCIATES.

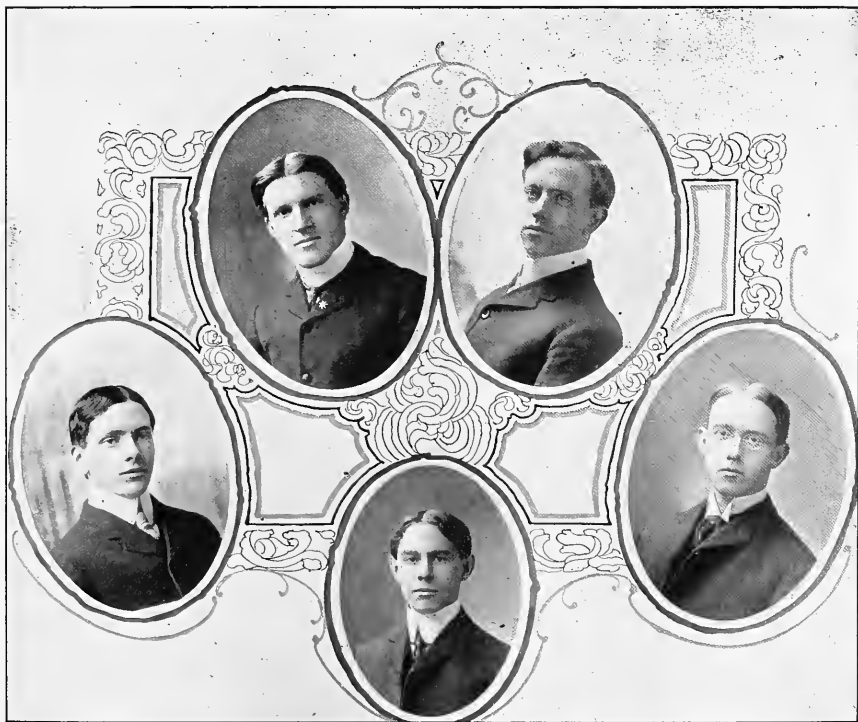
COLLEGE	.	.	.	THOMAS C. MCCrackEN
CHRONOLOGY	.	.	.	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 2em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div> CLARA PRATT BESS GOWDY JANETTE TINKER EDWARD SWAN </div> </div>
ALUMNI	.	.	.	ETTA JONES
SOCIAL	.	.	.	LORA SYKES
ATHLETICS	.	.	.	CARL PAULL
LITERARY	.	.	.	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 2em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div> PAULINE COLLINS NELSON HALL </div> </div>
MISCELLANEOUS	.	.	.	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="font-size: 2em; vertical-align: middle; margin-right: 5px;">}</div> <div> LILLIAN HOLGATE ROY WHITE </div> </div>

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

WALLACE BARNES.

MAURICE REES.

TIMOTHY CAMPBELL.



RAVELINGS BOARD.

Dr. J. B. McMichael.

BORN 1833.

DIED 1902.

Graduated Westminster 1859; Xenia Theological Seminary 1862. Pastor Sugar Creek congregation 1862-1878. Professor in Xenia Seminary 1873-1878. President Monmouth College 1878-1897. Pastor Sugar Creek congregation 1897-1902.



In Memoriam.

Weep not for him, uay rather weep
For those behind. The shadows creep
Across our hearts; our spirits feel
The sadness words but half reveal.
No longer smiles for us the day.
For one we loved has gone away.

Weep not for him, his mighty heart
Hath played right well its noble part.
His labors tireless as the sea,
His love was like eternity:
His soul was ever brave and kind,
Alive to good, to error blind.

Weep not for him, for bitter tears
Stay not the flight of passing years:
But rather follow in the way
He walked, to lands of endless day;
For though his sight is lost to men,
Our eyes may greet him there again.

—Nelson Hall.



Our New President.

Dr. T. H. McMichael is the eldest son of Dr. J. B. McMichael, one of Monmouth's former presidents. He graduated from Monmouth in 1886. Until called to his new labor he has been the successful pastor of the First United Presbyterian congregation in Cleveland, Ohio.

As he enters upon the presidency of Monmouth College, we are happy to greet him and to wish him all success. May his administration be long and prosperous, his work enduring, and his life a blessing.



DR. T. H. McMICHAEAL.

1856

Monmouth College

1903



MONMOUTH COLLEGE is loved by all who have come under her instruction, esteemed by those who have known her influence, and honored by those who tread the pathway of life with her alumni. Many struggles have come to her in her history, but she stands the stronger today, better able to enlarge her borders and increase her ability to aid humanity. The beginnings of Monmouth College were modest, and modesty has ever characterized her as an institution. In 1856 she was established by the Illinois Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, since which time she has continued to make progress until now she stands foremost in the rank of educational institutions of our church. The untiring efforts of her faithful presidents have done much to make the institution what she is. Well has some one said of Dr. David A. Wallace, her first president, "Seldom does any enterprise of the kind so completely absorb the whole man as Monmouth College—as a school of Christ, for that was his ideal of it—absorbed him. Body and mind; time talent, and culture; labor and purse—the one abundant and the other lean—and above all, heart, were all invested in Monmouth College." The success of the second president, Dr. J. B. McMichael, was just as marked and today all eyes are turned towards him who has been called to follow in the footsteps of his father, and to lead his Alma Mater on to greater achievements. The brief presidency of Dr. S. R. Lyons opened the door to wider influence and to a greater Monmouth College. Monmouth College has always stood for Christianity. She has been managed by Christian men and women, whose influence has touched the lives of the many students who have received instruction at their hands. Stability and thoroughness have characterized her class-room work until she can challenge comparison with any of her sister colleges. The standard of excellence in the College is high, as a result of which her work is recognized by other institutions. Never were the prospects for success greater than at present. Every instructor, every student, every alumnus, every friend of the College expects to uphold the hands of our new president, Dr. T. H. McMichael. All feel that a new future is dawning, in which Monmouth College will become even a more noble center of influence for God and humanity.

Faculty and Instructors.

Thomas Hanna McMichael, President, East Broadway. A. B., Monmouth College, 1886; A. M., *ibid*, 1889; B. D., Xenia Theological Seminary, 1890; D. D., Westminster College, 1903.

Russell Graham and John Nesbit Swan, Committee of Administration, 1902-03.

Russell Graham, Vice President and Professor of Social Science, 513 North Ninth Street. A. B., Monmouth College, 1870; A. M., *ibid*, 1873; B. D., Xenia Theological Seminary, 1873; D. D., Westminster College, 1893.

John Henry McMillan, Professor of Latin, 815 East Broadway. A. B., Indiana State University, 1874; A. M., *ibid*, 1877; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1894; Litt. D., Western University of Pennsylvania, 1897.

John Nesbit Swan, Pressly Professor of Chemistry and Physics, 427 North Third Street. A. B., Westminster College, 1886; A. M., *ibid*, 1889; Graduate Student Johns Hopkins, 1888-89, 1891-93; Ph. D., *ibid*, 1893,

Clementine Calvin, Professor of Elocution and Oratory, 736 East Broadway. A. B., Allegheny College, 1882; A. M., *ibid*, 1885; Graduate Student in Elocution, Boston University, 1883.

Edward Singan Bowlin, Professor of Biology, 127 South Sixth Street. A. B., Johns Hopkins University, 1897; Graduate Student Johns Hopkins, 1897.

Alice Winbigler, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, 808 East Second Avenue. B. S., Monmouth College, 1877; A. M. *ibid*, 1894.

Grace Helen Woodburn, Assistant Professor of Latin, 815 East Broadway. A. B., Indiana State University, 1885; A. M., *ibid*, 1894; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1894-95.

Florabel Patterson, Law Professor of History, 915 East Second Avenue. A. M., Penn College, 1896; Student in History Michigan University, 1891-92.

Luther Emerson Robinson, Professor of English, 1032 East Boston Avenue. A. B. Drury College, 1894; A. M. *ibid*, 1897; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1900.

Thomas Beveridge Glass, Professor of Greek, 715 East Archer Avenue. A. B., Monmouth College, 1892; Graduate Student University of Chicago, 1895-97 and 1898-1900.

Fred Cole Hicks, Professor of German and French, 127 South Sixth Street. Ph. B., Cornell College, 1896; Graduate Student German and French, Johns Hopkins University, 1898-1901; University Scholar, 1900; Fellow in German, 1900-01; Ph. D. *ibid*, 1901.

Jean Shaw Wilson, Assistant in English, 925 East Broadway. A. B., Smith College, 1901.

Clyde K. Warne, Physical Director, 912 East Second Avenue. B. S., Upper Iowa University, 1899; Physical Culture, Winona Summer School, 1898.

Thomas Cooke McCracken, Assistant in Mathematics, 340 South Eighth Street.

T. Merrill Austin, Director of the Musical Conservatory, East Broadway. A. B., Thiel College, 1882; A. M., *ibid*, 1888; graduate of New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1887; finishing courses under Ferd. Sieber and Heinrich Ehrlich, Berlin, Germany, 1890-91.

Alice B. Hobart, Teacher of Violin and Piano, East Broadway. Oberlin Conservatory of Music.

Louis Versel, Teacher of Piano and Harmony, 229 South Fifth Street. Graduated with high honors from Dr. Hoch's Conservatory, Germany, 1886; studied in Frankfurt, Geneva, Paris, and Bale. Among his teachers were Dr. Anton Urspruch, Goachins Raff, Bernhard Scholz, Leschetzky, and other celebrated musicians.

Katharine Hanna, Teacher of Instrumental Music, West Broadway. Knox Conservatory, 1901.

‡William J. Matthews, Laboratory Assistant in Biology.

*Maurice Rees, Laboratory Assistant in Biology.

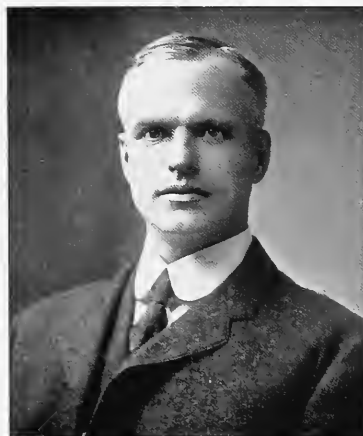
Thomas Edward Swan, Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry and Physics.

‡Resigned at close of Fall Term.

*Elected to succeed Mr. Matthews.



RUSSELL GRAHAM



JOHN N. SWAN



W. J. BUCHANAN.



MISS PATTERSON.



J. H. McMILLAN.



MISS WINBIGLER.



MISS WOODBURN.



L. E. ROBINSON.



MISS WILSON.



PROF. GLASS,



MISS CALVIN.



PROF. BOWLUS.



PROF. HICKS

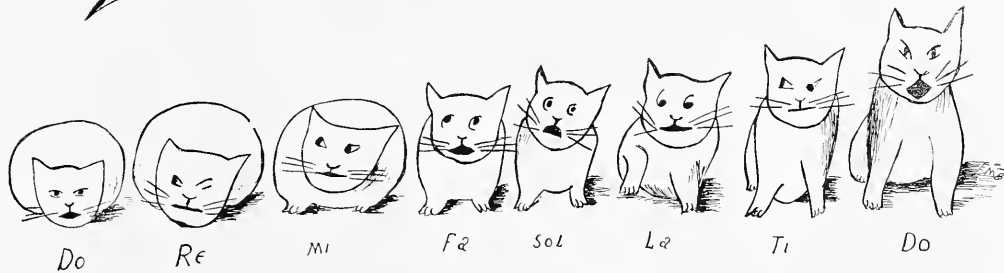


PROF. McCracken.



CLASS PLAY "THE RIVALS," 1902.

MUSICAL



DEPARTMENT

Conservatory of Music.



T. MERRILL AUSTIN.

MONMOUTH College Conservatory is the most prosperous and promising department of the institution. In the past few years great strides have been made in broadening and widening its scope of work. Under the efficient management of Professor T. Merrill Austin, and since the initiation of a liberal policy by those in authority, the Conservatory has grown from a weak and struggling to a strong, attractive and widely known department. Its courses embrace instruction in Pipe Organ, Piano, Voice, Violin, and Harmony, together with lectures on Musical History.

During the past year a recital has been given by the pupils every other Thursday evening, and also a term recital at the close of each term. The Conservatory Faculty have also given two fine recitals, much to the delight and enjoyment of the music loving public.

The equipment of the department has been much extended by the purchase of new pianos and the gift of a fine Pipe Organ. This latter was presented by the Misses Davidson, and is one of which Monmouth College may justly be proud.

Professor Austin, instructor in Pipe Organ and Voice, is a man of great ability, and is well known in musical circles throughout the country. His work in

Monmouth has been an unqualified success. For two years he has been director of the Monmouth College Choral Society. This spring, under his supervision, the great May Festival was planned and arranged for. A greater musical attraction than this has never appeared in the middle west, and Mr. Austin's efforts deserve the highest commendation and praise.

Miss Hanna, Instructor in Piano, is a graduate of the Knox Conservatory. Her talents are too well known to need further comment. During the two years she has been connected with the Musical Department, she has won unstinted praise as a teacher.

In securing Mrs. Hobart as teacher of Violin, the College was very fortunate. She is a competent instructor and an aggressive worker. Under her direction a College Orchestra has been organized and conducted with great success.

Professor Versel is a pianist of wide repute and varied experience. Although just engaged last fall, yet in the brief space of time he has been in Monmouth, he has won the admiration and regard of all lovers of music. The Conservatory Faculty has been greatly strengthened by him, and through him a more advanced course of instruction has been made possible.

In the near future we may look for a Conservatory equal in size and possibilities to any in Western Illinois. Its standard is the highest, and with broader opportunities will come a larger field of usefulness.



MISS KATHARINE HANNA.



LOUIS VERSEL.



MRS. HOBART.

New Year's Greeting to the Juniors==A Minute of Time.

COLD AND CLEAR it was on the morning of January 1, and the Jester, who had drawn his overcoat over his motley, bent himself against the blast that played with jingling bells in his cap, and made his way to the lairs of those who sell diaries and calendars. His usually careless brow was furrowed with rather serious reflections for he had found a flaw in the welding of one of his best and strongest Good Resolutions, young as the day was, and he was wondering what would become of the other nine by the time the sun went down. He paused before the oldest House in the world, the old established, ever reliable monopoly of Time, and read the familiar sign more than once before he entered the establishment.

"Retail dealer in Seconds, Minutes and Hours; sole manufacturer of Years and Centuries; all the months furnished in Season; Seed-time looked after and Harvest supplied by reliable Dates; Rains supplied for all occasions; liberal reductions to Sunday-Schools and Temperance picnics; Cold Storage for yesterdays; Birthdays furnished; Teeth extracted while you wait; Wrinkles furnished to order; Step in and examine our assortment of Bald Heads before looking elsewhere; Eyes of all shades, fitted to any grade of spectacles; Anniversaries to order; Only House open all night and Sundays, all the year round; all sales cash or long credit on gilt edge collateral; a salesman to every customer: nobody has to wait; you're next; Sole proprietors of the right to manufacture Calendars for the Solar System."

This seemed to be about the place the Jester was looking for. He entered and said to the Venerable Figure standing behind the counter carefully adjusting the guage on a tiny hour-glass that had evidently been made for some happy child to play with a few days—

"A Happy New Year!"

Time nodded merrily, and the Jester went on:

"I am thinking about turning over a new leaf this year."

Time laughed till the fragile little hour-glass shook in the strong, old hands.

"Are you, indeed, my son?" he said, "I knew that; small need for you to come here with that information. I know more than that—I know you are going to turn over a New Leaf whether you are thinking about it or not. I can tell you more than that, too; the New Leaf is going to be turned over for you anyhow,

without the slightest regard to your intentions, wishes, or will: that is a thing we will settle for you right here, my son, with troubling you in any manner concerning the transaction. You have come to the right shop; we will turn new pages for you every day this year, whether you will or no; what you write upon them is your own concern. Here is your Diary for 1903—write a good record in it and God bless you—and now run along, other customers are crowding in, and there is no loafing allowed about this place.”

But the Jester passed out slowly and listened to the busy old Chronologer, as he welcomed and sped the coming and going customers who thronged the establishment and kept the Hours and Minutes and other attendants moving all the time to attend to the wants of humanity.

A young man elbowed past the Jester, and as he spoke to the Maker of Calendars the Old Man called out:

“Here, Mr. Twenty-one! Have this young gentleman's birthday ready at once—stick half-a-dozen more hairs in his upper lip, eyebrow size—there you are, sir: call again in a few years and have your voice deepened.”

* * * * *

Just at this instant the gray eyes of the old Maker of Calendars fell upon the loitering Jester, and he shouted:

“What in the name of all the centuries are you loitering around here for? Quick, Mr. Indiansummer, bring your scalping knife and the Frostsprayer! One of you Birthdays hand me a pair of spectacles and a cane—I'll fix this fellow out till he looks older than his youngest joke!”

But the terrified Jester, skipping nimbly down the crowded street, heard the terrible voice calling after him:

“Move on!”

And then, changing the key to be heard all around the world, the old Chronologer shouted:

“All out for Nineteen Hundred and Two! Everybody change! All aboard for Nineteen Hundred and Three!”

—Robert J. Burdette.

1903.

Motto: Push.

Flower: Tiger Lily.

Colors: Orange and Black.

History.

AS FRESHMEN

Young, but
promising.

—o—

AS SOPHOMORES

The terror of
the Freshmen.

—o—

AS JUNIORS

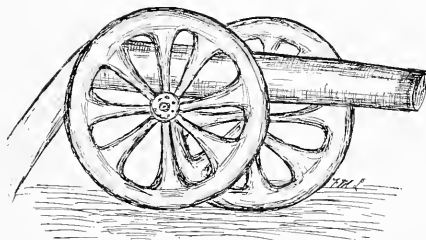
Guardians of
College prop-
erty.

—o—

AS SENIORS

Dignified, the
envy and
wonder of all.

Emblems.



Characteristics.

CLASSROOM

Intellectual.

—o—

SOCIAL LIFE

Debonair.

—o—

ATHLETICS

Invincible.

—o—

Scraps

Intrepid.

—o—

TO THE FACULTY

Courteous.

By these emblems ye shall know us.

Yell: Ki Yi, Ki Yi, Ki Yipi, Ki Ee, Monmouth College, 1903.

Seniors, 1903.



WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS—

"William Jennings" is a dapper little fellow, but with a heart well developed. He has been living on Pratt's Food. Indeed the experiment has agreed so well with him, that he informed us he intends to continue its use. He begged us not to publish his age. He has an enviable record on the platform.



JEAN BROWN—

In all respects Jean has proved herself a worthy student. She has represented Aletheorian on Open Meeting, and has been an active worker in Y. W. C. A. Jean is a very shy and bashful girl.

JAMES S. PINKERTON—

Jim is a fellow with the best oiled disposition you ever dreamed of. How he ever managed to secure credits from the Faculty and keep his temper is a puzzle. No one else has ever done it. He is a general favorite with all the ladies, but we have noticed he don't tell them his age.



RUTH E. STEVENSON—

Ruthie is one of those nice little girls. In answer to the query, "What do you intend to do after graduation?" she demurely replied, "I have not yet had a chance to decide." Here is certainly a golden opportunity for some aspiring young man. Ruth was Queen of May this year.



CHARLES S. BELL—

"Chronic" is one of the patriarchs in college life. His career in Monmouth would have been a brilliant one if he had ever gotten over feeling bad. He has been a prominent member of Philo Society, and has won athletic honors on both the diamond and the gridiron.





EUSEBIUS H. COLLINS—

"Sebe the unshelchable" has lived a checkered career. He was well brought up, graduated from the Chicago High Schools, rivals Paderewski as a pianist, and will no doubt make his mark in the world. He is to be sporting and musical editor of the Christian Instructor.



JOSEPHINE CULBERTSON—

Jo is a meek and modest little lass, who never speaks till she's spoken to, and then sometimes not. She assured us that her hopes were brighter than appearances would warrant. We feel sure that he will not prove a disappointment. Miss Culbertson is a member of the A. B. L. Society, and the Zeta Epsilon Chi Sorority.



HUGH MARTIN—

"The Humble Christian" is quite a sport. How the College will be run without him is a question now under consideration by the Senate. We can recommend him to anyone wishing to engage a librarian. He has had two years' experience as librarian of Ecritean Society, and has performed his arduous duties with great credit. He is a special favorite with all Dames, and the feeling is mutual.

WARREN BROWNLEE—

"Ching" specially requested us to announce that he hails from Little York. His claim to prominence rests on earnest endeavor along social, literary, and physical lines, and from his wide experience from being four years a "steady."



MABEL ROBB—

Mabel has acquired quite a reputation this year along the line of "swiping" fruit but we feel sure there must be some mistake about the rumor. She has been very active in the Y. W. C. A. work, and has been president of the Association during the past year.



FULTON FERGUSON—

"Buttinsky" has had many varied experiences, and everything being considered has been fairly successful. Is a fair dancer, "swell guy," and general "ladies favorite." Has been a faithful member of the foot ball squad, and is one of Eccritean's most faithful and efficient workers. Will represent her as essayist.





CARLYLE KEDZIE MCMURDY—

Can we say anything new? Sport, saint, student, athlete compose his anatomy. He has shone in the literary, been victimized in the social, and glorified in the athletic. He is Ecritean's contest declaimer.



SARA ELIZABETH HOPPING—

Has spent but one year in Monmouth, the early part of her course being taken in Cedarville College. Her graduation will be a great loss to the college for she has been of considerable weight in social and athletic circles.



GUY CLIFFORD LAFFERTY—

"Foxy Grandpa" entered Monmouth in 1896. He lived a solitary life until this year, when he blossomed out like a rose, and has certainly been going some. After graduation he expects to visit awhile in Ohio, and later to take a tour of the world.

FRANK HOYMAN—

We will first tell you about Frank's good points. A hard student, prominent in literary work, half-back in football, and High Mogul at the Preston Club. But Frank is very susceptible, and although we wish him every success, yet we understand he has not been watching the moon very much lately.



WM. ROBERT LYTLE—

Bobby is notorious for his social abilities. He is considerable of a heart-breaker. Has played half-back on the football team and is Philo's leading debater.



HAYES B. CROTHERS—

'Carey' is one of the ancient land marks. Many volumes could not give one an adequate conception of his spectacular career. Never before has the world produced his equal in the art of being constitutionally dissatisfied with existing conditions. His future is vitally connected with the growth of the iron industry.





FERDINAND LUTHER—

Ferd is really a hard character to write about. We hate to mention anything detrimental to his name and fame. For several years he has ably assisted the Faculty in the work of "bleeding" the new students. He was chosen Philo essayist this year, but was unable to accept.



EUNICE EDNA FOSTER—

Is one of our most deserving students. Her "Main Steady" has made serious demands upon her time, but she has always proven worthy in the less important duties. Her loss will be especially noticeable among the ranks of the Kappas and A. B. L.



HENRY ROSS HUME—

"Convict Hume" has labored under great disadvantages while in College. His past record has been a continual hindrance, and he has occasionally lapsed into his former habits. We bespeak a friendly work and a helping hand for him as he enters upon life's duties. Has been president of the Y. M. C. A. this year and is a member of the Ecritean contest team. We all are the better for having known him.

JOHN P. NICHOL—

Johnny is a mighty man of valor. You don't know what you've missed if you don't know Johnny. He especially enjoys petting the girls. He was on exhibition at the Paris Exposition. He doubtless will distinguish himself.



WILL M. CLARKE—

"Bill" is a Monmouth boy. He graduated from the High School here, and then entered upon his college course. He has often graced Ecritean's platform, has captained a speedy basket ball team, made his record in track work, and now has determined to enter the "Seminary." He seldom stays later than 10 p. m. (?)



JAMES S. MCCracken—

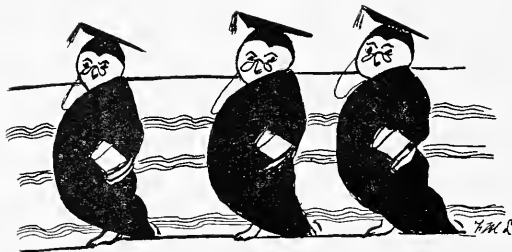
Jimmie was in an exceptionally amiable mood when approached by our representative. A star will certainly fall from the heavens when Jimmie leaves us. "Augustana" also plays football. In his studies he is a consistent diligent plugger.





ISABELLA RANKIN IRWIN—

Belle was almost missed by our reporter, who claimed he had never heard of her. This mistake was finally rectified. As usual she had not much to say. But Belle is really a bright girl. Prominent along literary lines, she excels in short stories of a sentimental nature. Her charming countenance will be missed on enrollment day and that benign and gentle influence she has so long exerted over our green material will be no more.



Wise As Owls.

Junior Class

1904

Ella Andrews

Wallace Barnes

Margaret Clark

Harold Gilmer

Lillian Holgate

Emil Hutchinson

Thomas C. McCracken

Lena E. Muenner

Carl E. Payell

Clara W. Pratt

Maurice H. Rees

Russell M. Story

Janette Tucker

Hofie Andrew

Tom. J. Campbell

Pauline Collins

Charlotte Clancy

Nelson Hall

Etta M. Jones

Grace McMillan

James H. Peacock

Belle Robinson

Adam Miller

Lora M. Sykes

Roy White

T. Edward Swan

Bess. L. Howdy



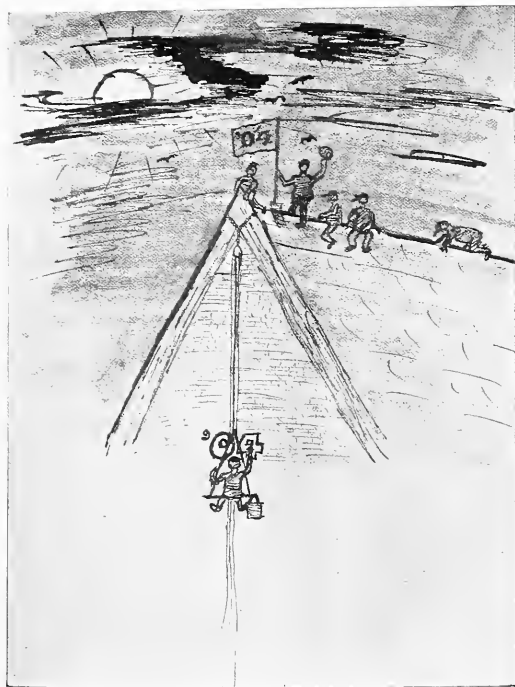


JUNIOR CLASS.

Juniors, 1904.

THE ANNUAL certainly would not be complete without the history of its makers. Thus we would take up our pen to tell somewhat of the glorious deeds of 1904. We will tell no fairy tales, but will try in some slight measure to do justice to the facts in her history. She has faithfully upheld all college traditions, incidentally made a few new ones, and has left enduring marks on the pages of College history, as well as on the Auditorium. Our thoughts wander back to the night when we first clashed with '03 and placed on the College chapel that beautiful emblem which is still to be seen. The large crowd of spectators gazed in awe as that masterpiece of art was being executed. '03 rushed upon us vainly, and, wearied and tired, left us in peace. All the day following we held the fort, allowing no one to molest the blue and gold of '04.

Again we think of the season of February, 1901. Our Freshman Banquet! Ah! those who were there will never forget it. The beauty and elegance, the grace and charm presented that evening beggars description. Then with a toss of care aside,



with the soft and tempting strains of music in our ears, all basted to the playing of "drop the handkerchief," etc. The event was unmarred, our success was complete. '03 was humbled, '04 was exalted.

It was mere accident that these two classes met at the time of the celebrated and justly renowned "Riots." We both had a little back work at college to make up and curiously chose the same night for doing it. We need not dwell on the actions and reactions of the next few days. They are matters of history. The fame of '04 was heralded throughout the College world. But did you ever notice to what great pains '03ites will go to show they were not defeated by the Freshmen of 1904? How almost pitiable is their cry, "We are the guardians of Our Cupola, you fellows had better keep out," when the few minutes they ever attempted guarding it, they were driven into it by the lads of '04, and were in mortal terror at the sight of the forces of '04. Their only salvation was the appearance (timely enough for them) of the county sheriff and the subsequent arrest of the brave lads in 1904. It was aptly said by an outsider after affairs had cooled down a little, "Well fellows, that was the hottest time this old College has ever seen, but——it might have been hotter for those Sophs" ('03).

In our Sophomore year what we didn't do wasn't worth doing. We won the scraps with '05, spoiled the Banquet for '05, and captured the leaders of '05.

Perhaps some strayed during those trying times, perhaps some were led astray. We know that some left school, and that some were fired. Although at the roll call there is now no answer to many names, and the Old Guard of '04, with its system of warning, recognition and general plans of campaign is somewhat depleted in numbers, yet when it is up to the Juniors, you will invariably feel there will be something doing and that '04 will make good.

We will not dwell on the routine affairs of College and Class life, such as socials, athletics, picnics, receptions, studies, etc., for in such things we are never surpassed. We are acting well our little part in the drama of College life and we feel the better for having acted. We would change Mark Anthony's saying and have it read "The good men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones." So let it be with the Junior Class of '04.

Junior Yell—Chin-y, chin-y, hot licks, yoko-homo chop sticks,

Colors.

Sop-y-kow-y, chop-y suey, nega, sega, chase!

Blue and Gold.

Hop long roar! Juniors, Juniors!

1904!!

Sophomores, 1903



NCE MORE the wheel of time turns round and another Sophomore class in Monmouth College greets the world. This time it is the class of 1905. No class has ever entered the portals of Monmouth College with higher hopes and brighter prospects. What is more, as we pause halfway on our course and look back, we behold many of our hopes realized and our fondest dreams turned into matters of history. We entered school a strong class, abounding in sturdy boys and pretty girls. At the same time we observed the decorum which it is thought necessary by those in authority, Faculty and otherwise, to impose upon incoming classes. The high worth of our raw material became apparent after we had our first social and after the class of '04 had tried their hand at the same business. On the latter memorable evening there was certainly a gentle hum in the atmosphere for a couple of hours, and for the first time we received the much coveted looks of approval from the upper classmen. From then on till the twenty-second of February we held our own in college circles. On the evening of the twenty-first, occurred several little fracascs, which resulted in a court room scene the next morning. On this occasion the renowned Pringle and old war horse McClanahan were the heroes. At noon the famous Bridenthall scrap was pulled off, during which various fancy stunts were executed, among them being Bryson's "Dash for Safety" and Whannel's "Slide for Life." Although three of our gallant boys were captured and sent to rear, yet all succeeded in getting to the banquet in time for the feast. Never before nor since has there occurred such a memorable celebration in honor of the Father of Our Country.

Our next appearance was at a social planned and executed by the glorious girls of '05, and held at the home of Miss Alfa White. Thanks to the girls, we had a gala time.

The second year of our college pilgrimage opened even more auspiciously than did the first, in spite of the fact that a few of our fair ones had entered the ranks of the pedagogues, and several of our boys were with us no more. As of yore we have made history in the social realm. Two socials and a straw ride have added to our pleasures.

One of the great events of the Fall term was the color rush between '05 and '06. This was a battle royal. Although out numbered we certainly did show the Freshies a touch of high life.

Our "Crowning Mercy," to use the words of the great Cromwell, was this year's Freshman Banquet, in which, in our anxiety to make the thing a go, we so ably assisted. Our efforts were highly successful.

Without us it could not have been even a partial success. The Freshies had forgotten to provide the perfumery some of the boys had overlooked the matter of conveyances, some were too "broke" to make the customary pilgrimage prior to the event, and one poor lad was too green to go without a little drying out.

In every case we were on hand prepared to assist in all needful ways, and no doubt much of the pleasure (?) of the evening was due to our efforts.

Before we close it may be of interest to some Freshies to know who took their flag from the Auditorium rafters. This daring feat was nobly done by two of the shining lights in our ranks and thereby another trophy was added to the laurels of 1905.

With this our history again lapses into the faithful performance of our daily duties. We can only ask that you will take our past as a modest sample of what we shall be, when, though still the Class of 1905, we shall be Juniors





SOPHOMORE CLASS.

freshmen, 1906

HAVE YOU ever heard of a more interesting subject to write about than the class of 1906? The pen of Shakespeare would be inadequate to do them justice. The members of this class came to College as green and awkward, perhaps, as any class that has yet entered—with one exception. The premium for rank versatility and consummate gawkiness has been carried off for the past two years by the class of 1905. Since these are the only qualities in which the Sophomores have excelled, we in our unselfishness, have not tried to take these, their only laurels, from them.

No other class has ever so rapidly recovered from its greenness as has the Freshman class of this year. Our girls are admired, envied, adored by the upper classmen for their wit as well as beauty. It has been said that the present Freshman class has the largest number of pretty girls who ever entered college at one time. Our boys are heroes, mighty in whatever capacity considered. We hoped to have some interesting color rushes, but the victories were each time so easily won by '06 that the mix-ups could hardly be called interesting. The "scrap" at the telephone pole on the campus, which occurred during the fall term, was the first real battle of importance. It clearly demonstrated the capabilities and "scrap-abilities" of the heroic Freshmen if once their pugnacious tendencies were aroused. The Freshmen were encouraged in the assault by the girls of 1906, who shouted the class yells with enthusiastic fervor. After a few rushes the pole came down. Then on all sides there were torn rags, i. e., Sophomore colors not the wearing apparel which was forced to discontinue business. The battle was a glorious victory for '06. The Faculty soon recognized our ability in the class rooms. Be it said to their credit, their patience has never worn out from the constant writing of A's for us.

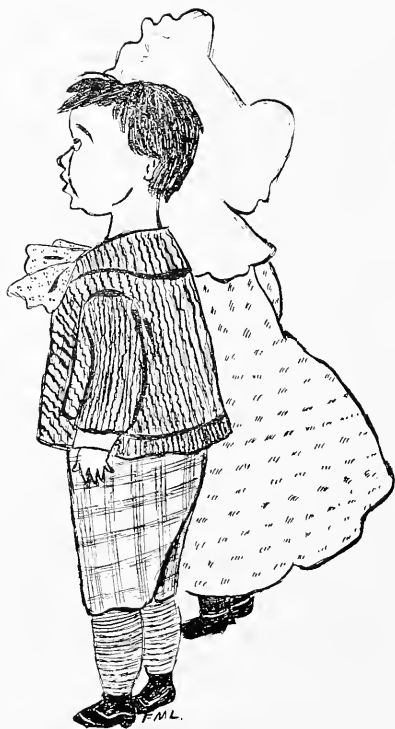
We carried out our plans so well that all the Sophs with the aid of the Seniors and Juniors were not able to defeat us. So successful, so sumptuous a banquet has no other class enjoyed. Every member was present; enjoyment reigned supreme. The worthy George, whose birthday we honored, must have looked down and smiled, well pleased with our success. Poor '05! They did all they could. They claimed that fate was against them; but it was worse than that—'06 opposed them. Our best wishes go with them.

As for the class of 1906, keep your eye on us for we will often be heard from. Our aim is to be ever victorious, not only in school life, but also after we have passed into life's great school.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

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Prepdom.

Our Motto—Our history is yet to be.

WE DO not spend our money in sumptuous banquets served with toast; we do not spend our nights in social revelries or picnics; we are not bigoted enough to attempt painting the college; we do not strive with might and main upon the battlefield; but we spend our time in diligent study, preparing for the time when we shall reform these frivolous practices and master the book of all knowledge. Hence we are apt to be forgotten in the busy whirl of classes, for we believe humility is the true badge of power, and as such we endeavor to show it. We are a loyal company. Each one is tried and true, for at the beginning of each school year, we find a few so averse to quiet and study, so desirous for strife and glory, that we willingly abandon them to the Freshies. Usually after a year spent in fearful tremblings and forbodings lest some one will ask the number of their credits, they are glad enough to slip back into our ranks.

Since we spend our time in study, we do not strive to excel on the athletic field. Yet it is with pride that we look upon our wayward members who fight the Freshies, battles and who contest in their ranks. We feel assured that with their muscle and our brain, we will surpass all others in the not distant future.

"We have the interests of our department at heart, for we shun as best we can, the day we must fork over our matric?" Now, kind reader ere we part, we would warn you to lookout for the future of our college, for her glory will be our glory, and until then you will find us steady and quiet, persevering ever upward, ever onward.





WINTER SCENE.

Alumni et Alumnæ.

WHEN we take retrospective views of our college lives, there always seem to be a few experiences that are indelibly impressed upon the memory. To a member of the class of '99, Saturday, October tenth, 1896 and the occurrences of that day and night will remain so deeply impressed that they can never be effaced.

The occasion was a picnic at Jack's Mills. Although the day was rainy and the roads bad, nothing seemed to mar our pleasure until the return trip. We had driven but a few miles, when suddenly in the darkness, our bus overturned. Terror and tears reigned supreme. Pen cannot picture our plight. Broken dishes, muddy hands, dishevelled hair, lost hats, torn clothes and bruised bodies, these things may suggest our predicament. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt. Ironing boards and bandages, borrowed from a neighboring farmhouse, rendered our homeward ride tolerably comfortable. But hours had passed before we were in a condition to resume our journey, and Sabbath morning met us long before we reached the city.

"One of Them."

* * *

You call for a spicy episode. Here is a sample. One day in our Greek class, the Professor in his methodical way, tapped the table in front of him with his pencil and said, "Too much bustle over there in the corner!" Three young ladies were in our Greek class, and they invariably occupied one of the corners of the room. Whether the above remark was only an ordinary call to order, or a protest against prevailing fashions has never been determined.

"M."

* * *

Reminiscence.

From out of the mist of years, like grim specters, slowly arises the Class of '73 to receive their diplomas, college weapons with which to wield their future destinies, and that memorable class night when a few representatives had been chosen for the occasion, expatiated on their different themes. The historian had scarcely recalled the past when the orator in one of his efforts said: "I wouldn't take fifteen million dollars and shoot at

an Englishman, and I wouldn't take a hundred million dollars and let an Englishman shoot at me." And the sober man of the class, in all his characteristic complacency, and to the consternation and amazement of the audience, opened a huge jack-knife (five feet in length) and presented it to the funny man of the class, and with this knife he has carved his way to fortune and to fame; and the poet in his "Mission of Flowers" wove an unfading garland for each of the class when the prophetess carried these lovely immortelles of 1873 to 1903 and on the filmy web of that far away future they saw themselves hanging by "Ravelings."

In those good old times each class planted a tree as a sort of memorial. One balmy day when hearts were fresh as the buds of early spring and blithesome as the song of the birds, away to the woods hied the class of '73. In the remote depths of that forest they found the longed for tree. Taking turn about, a few of the boys applied mattock and spade with marked agility while the girls looked on in untiring sympathy and admiration and ever and anon with a shy glance expressed their compliments, and in this most delicate way encouraged the boys to still greater diligence, so that such digging had ne'er found its way into the annals of college history. In the sweat of their brow they could say, "This is harder work but more fun than digging Latin or Greek roots."

With the tree thrown over the shoulders of the strongest, whose flushed faces wore an exultant expression of pride and delight that seemed to say, "The conquering hero comes" and followed by the trail of '73, they marched back to the campus where they planted this living green while each member of that class looked in pride and admiration on their hickory tree.

Mrs. Julia Biddle Vale, Prophetess, Class '73.

* * *

The Conductor who failed.

This is a story of the conductor who failed. Also of two college students whose names are on the Alumni lists of Monmouth College. Let us call these two students William and James. Let us call them thus because these were not their names. As for the conductor let us leave him nameless. Or, at least, let us not call him by the names with which he was garnished by William and James.

It fell out in this way. William and James felt that their tired bodies and overtaxed nerves, demanded rest and recreation. They had toiled through six weeks of the fall term. The mental strain of paying their tuition, arranging the schedule of girls for the winter lecture course, and pulling in new members for their literary society, had proven to be unusually exhausting. Moreover the frost was on the pumpkin and the fod-

der in the shock. The glorious Illinois autumn was beckoning them to nature's hazy and lazy embrace. Oh for a lone desert isle: but since none was handy, they would hie them to the country home of him whom we shall call William because that was not his name.

But between Monmouth and William's home, stretched from one to two hundred miles of Burlington railroad track. As the Burlington road stretches both north, south, east and west of Monmouth, the careful historian feels that he has not compromised William and James by revealing the goal of the hegira.

But here ensued the complication. The Burlington, then as now, asked three cents a mile for transportation, and was no respecter of persons. William and James owned no automobile, and what was sadder still, they were so nearly broke and undone financially, that the trip was out of the question. By merging all interests and watering the stock, they could not muster enough cash to take them both ways. One might have made the whole trip without the other. Or both could have made the outbound trip if they were willing to walk back. As William and James were both social and indolent in their natures, neither of these alternatives appealed to them. But in the words of the pious "Fra Elbertus," the question was "what to do."

Here, enter the conductor. William had an inspiration. A conductor on the Burlington was a sworn friend of William's. And he had assured the youth that any time he wanted to ride on the Burlington, all he needed was to get on the aforesaid conductor's train, and it would not cost him a cent. Here was a golden opportunity. They would give the conductor enough money to buy some cigars, and then become his guest for that trip. The ethics of the college man are sometimes peculiar. To steal a dollar from a till would have been an everlasting disgrace. But to steal a ride from the railroad, and involve a conductor in the dangerous business of heating his own company, was not only a laudable enterprise, but one that commended itself by the very risks that it involved. The temptation was too dazzling. It must be remembered that William and James were very young, and also that the fall apples were just ripe.

Then one sin led to another. Having arranged to get their transportation by corrupting the virtuous conductor, they could not stop at so small a thing as skipping a few recitations more or less. Hence when they should have been conning "musty Greek or monkish Latin," these young men were climbing on board a Burlington train feeling at once rather guilty and jubilant. Once on board they slouched like the villains in a melodrama. William took a car in front, passed the conductor a half dollar by way of a salve to his conscience and that stern official passing through the rear coach, took James' card, looked at it as though it were an annual pass—this for the benefit of the possible "spotter"—and went his way. If there were passing qualms of

remorse in the hearts of these tender youth, the delight of the trip so completely extinguished the feeling of guilt, that they frisked like calves of a year old for the very joy of being alive.

The long drive from the station to the country home was through a land that seemed to be smiling an eager welcome. They revelled in fruit, and butter milk, and fried chicken, and good juicy country pies which differed from the "Bijou" variety as the day from the night. They absorbed the glorious autumnal sunshine, and drank in the strong wine of country air, and drove prancing horses over moon-lit roads, and wondered how their poor unhappy fellow students were faring with the Greek and Latin roots. Finally they turned reluctant faces homeward. The kind conductor had told them that he would be on a train which came through the country station at an unearthly hour of the night. But there were particular reasons for catching that particular train, so William and James snuggled up to the soft side a board in the little depot, and slept the sleep of the unjust till train time. They climbed on board and as the train moved off through the dark, they looked for their friend the conductor. At last came the conductor—but, oh horror of horrors!—not he—but a stranger with a stern face on which were written the lines of incorruptible honesty. No explanations were given and under the circumstances not many were asked for. Two sad faced youths searched desperately through many pockets until, between them, they had gathered enough money in small change to satisfy the unbending ticket puncher. It was a sombre homeward journey. William and James berated the conductor and cursed him by all their gods. When that grew stale they berated each other. In the early dawn they tumbled from the coach at Monmouth, sleepy and disgruntled, and walked home with just seventeen cents between them.

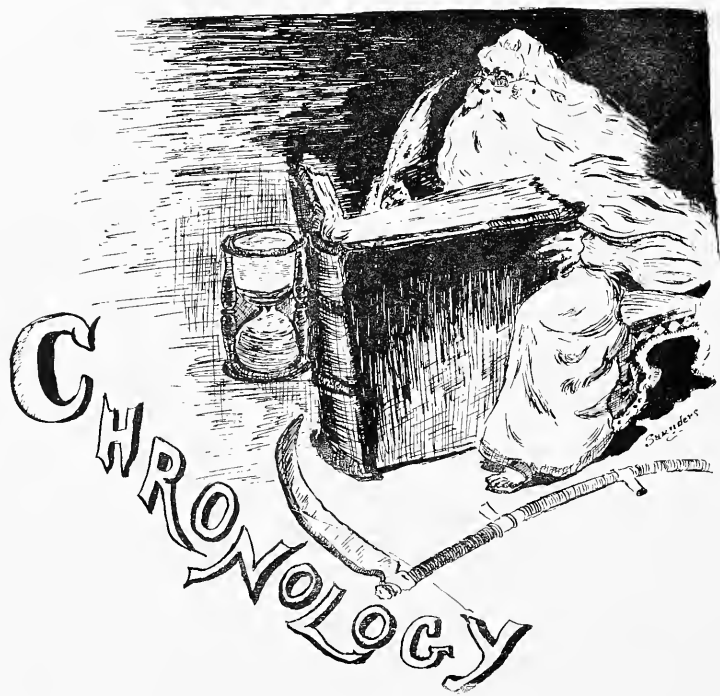
When William and James reached the point of extracting morals out of experience they recorded the following conclusions. First, that you can never tell what train a conductor is going to be on until you see him on that particular train. Second, that honesty is the best policy. Third, that they would not say anything about their trip to the public at large. And they haven't until—now. But this is the belated confession of another "truthful James" concerning the conductor who failed.

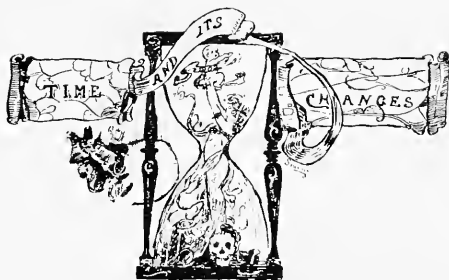
A Little Sweetheart.

I've got a little sweetheart,
She's as sweet as she can be,
And I don't care who knows it,
I think she sorter fancies me.
I can shut my eyes and see her,
When she's resting after tea,
Sitting by the window with
A book upon her knee—
She is looking off and smiling,
And I know she thinks of me.

She loved another man before
She thought of loving me.
But I don't care. It really makes
No diff'rence, don't you see.
I care not that she's wrinkled,
And her age is sixty-three.
She's a dandy little sweetheart,
And she sorter just suits me.

—Nelson Hall.





September.

7. Everybody attends home church, and bids pastor and friends goodbye.
8. Ross begins duties and meets all trains.
9. Mae H. sheds tears, and counts days until commencement.
10. Ferd and Belle shuffle the cards.
11. All attend chapel. New girls scared and homesick.
12. Reception for new students. New shoes hurt.
13. Fern is introduced as Mrs. C—. All interested parties blush.
14. Sebe hits town. Gives every one the glad hand. Springs his old Chestnuts.
15. Bible students regret Moses wrote 50 chapters in Genesis.
16. Miss Patterson to History class, "You'll do well if you have ten dates by the end of the year."
17. Family pews assigned in Chapel. Croson and Miss Lanphere shake hands for 15 minutes.
18. Erma gets her dates mixed for Peanut Night.
19. Philo Open Meeting. Sharpe tries his flying machine.
20. Jess Graham and other Ohio girls attend chafing dish party.
21. Afternoon—Roy takes Miss Benson riding. Evening—Mabel takes Mr. White to church.
22. Choral opening—Gordon tries his voice. Usual lineup after services.
23. Junior Marshmallow Roast in Gym. A Virginia reel instead of a dance.
24. Found—this note to Miss —. "3 p. m. As I am very bashful, it has been utterly impossible for me to go and tell you, that I am not going to the Junior party tonight. I hope you may find some one to take you."
Adam Miller.
25. Bryson to his girl in cab, "Gosh! this takes half my pile."
26. Girls swarm to Ecritean Open meeting. Sebe's mouth the center of attraction.
27. Football team play Chicago. Come back unhurt but squelched.
28. Story gives his temperance spiel at Henderson church.
29. Freshman exclaims, "Whoopee, only five months until Washington's birthday."
30. Sophomore social at Joanna Mitchell's. Juniors escort Sophomore girls.

October.

1. Mrs. Clark, "Roy, Firing time this year is 10 p. m., instead of 2 a. m."
2. Paul rides with Lora's Mama. "Mrs. Sykes, please may I take Lora to A. B. L. open meeting?"
3. Barnes tells Ecclits he fears the Coal Strike is injuring the Matrimonial Market.
4. Croson and Hastie hold open meeting on the campus.
5. Pring's father sends him his Bible "which was overlooked when you left home."
6. A. B. L. reception to new girls. Prayer meeting and "star-gazing." Mabel Robb steals grapes.
7. Wonderful Street Fair in full blast.
8. Flunk—All skip Chapel for Aimee parade.
7. Flunk again—Synod at Chapel. Students starve till 12:30.
10. Freshman social. Sophs gives Freshies vote of thanks for delicious ice and thank Cop for returning freezer.
11. Last of Street Fair. Farewell rides on "High Rolling Sea" and "Ferris Wheel."
12. Church—First sleep for a week.
13. Freshman girls taxed \$.36 for ice cream they didn't eat.
14. Freshmen attend Ninth Avenue social, get a hand out. Sophs have picnic at Olmsteads.
15. Somebody's (?) chickens stray (?) from their roost at Olmsteads.
16. Chickens missed—some college boys warned to pay up—police excited. Who pays the V?
17. Clara takes "Boy Orator of the Pratt" to Oratorical at Bloomington. Willie takes second.
18. Foot ball game. St. Albans walloped.
19. Lafferty to Lillian in Latin class, "I can hardly refrain from embracing you"
20. Color rush—Freshies win out.
21. Aletheorian Open meeting. Prof. Warne the second Aimee performer.
22. First Faculty Ball. Seniors hayrack to Ruth Stevenson's.
23. Freshman picnic. Walking good.
24. Kappas straddle the goat.
25. Foot ball at Lombard. Ferd's hat and Margaretta's hair pins lost in the mix up.
26. Blair and "Bobbie" take nine girls to church. Bring three home.
27. Roy and Mabel buy a ring at Johnson's.
28. Solicitor for Kindergarten at Chapel—advises all students to attend. Freshies excited.
29. Banda Rossa. Adam Miller and Guy Lafferty make their debut.
30. Mary Clark naps in German class. This gay whirl of society is having its effect.
31. Win from Eureka in foot ball. H. Clark infatuated with Ladies' Seminary.

November.

1. Profs. Hicks and Bowlus hold night school. "Some people's shirts are longer than they ought to be."
2. Beth wears Tredick's cap; he exacts the penalty.
3. Mice visit chapel. Erma or Hope the heroine—which?
4. Election—College boys save their country. Earl Stewart turns Prohib.
5. Bobby Whannell fears he will never get his ten dates.
6. Bridentbal girls play basket ball. Boys gamble their month's allowance.
7. Peanut night celebrated in usual style.
8. 3 a. m. Everybody goes to bed.
9. Hume backslides—takes a girl to church.
10. Hume repents in sackcloth and ashes. Prof. Swan announces meeting of Y. M. C. A. girls after chapel.
11. Ewing fears sunburn—wears a hat to foot ball practice.
12. Miss Leigh joins Juniors by request. At her expense, she and Nelson sport roses for class social.
13. Zeta's explore the spirit world.
14. Sousa more attractive than recitations.
15. Coach Street, "Tredick, you don't know whether you are playing marbles or snowball."
16. Church—Large attendance.
17. Prof. Versel believes "lickin' and larnin' " go together. Mand Allison is chastized.
18. Hicks tells Harrah he is trying to hide behind big words. "What big words?"
19. Prof. Graham to William Jennings Matthews, "You may tell what you know about loaded dice."
20. Peacock asserts ignorance of the difference between "Stealing and Work."
21. Bryson gets his dates mixed—stays at home.
22. We play game of give away with Augustana.
23. Janette, "We went in and warmed each other's hands."
24. Foot ball boys, "Hurrah, three more days till pie."
25. "Pringle runs like a cow."
26. Fast today—feast tomorrow.
27. Foot ball season ends gloriously. Pie for supper.
28. Freshies visit Three M works and gaze in awe,
29. Foot ball banquet. Musicale (♫) follows.
30. A day of rest.

December.

1. Coach Street departs.
2. Buchanan leads chapel amid great applause.
3. Fergie and Pring scrub Rev. Kerr's front porch.
4. Nate Speer goes home. Great sorrow on Gowdy Heights.
5. Ross Hume steals chapel Bible.
6. Bartlett girls vs. Bridenthal in basket ball. Bridenthal wins out.
7. Fannie Hicks—"I'm not in the mashing business, I want you to understand."
8. Nelle Rait—"Anna Dew and I won't have to buy tickets for Burdette."
9. Bowling party a howling success.
10. Stranger to Beth Nicoll, "How are you Mrs. Weed, I'm glad to see you. How is the baby?"
11. Fannie Speakman calls Prof. Hicks a donkey.
12. Prof. Swan's cow slips on the ice and strains her milk.
13. Lafferty joins the sports. Takes same girl to basket ball, restaurant and sleighing.
14. Small boy agent to McMurdy, "Buy one for Mabel."
15. Bob Burdette. Thanks to the Juniors.
16. Lora Sykes wagers that she will capture Carl P. before the end of the year.
17. Alfa W. says she wants a change of escort for next lecture. Is Paul monotonous? Cram 4 a. m. to 12 p. m. More cram.
18. Girls' "grand vaudeville" at gym. Lora's team wins banner.
19. Students depart to visit pa and ma.

January.

7. Alice Gill returns to school.
8. John Martin decides to enter school.
9. Hugh Martin chaperons A. B. L.
10. Hoyman returns—looks sad and lonely.
11. McMurdy at church twice; New Year's resolution?
12. Ida Benfey calls down the usher.
13. Story offers to support a wife in Washington on \$5000 a year.
14. Miss Patterson in history, "Mr. Barnes, when was Christ born?" Wallace, "4004 B. C."
15. College play Keithsburg in basket ball—Lytle and Ritchie get locked in "Seminary."
16. Several students take physical culture at Hodgen's.
17. Miss Lytle attempts to knock the pins from under the pin setter at the bowling party.
18. Pring and Lytle get pious and start a fast.
19. Decide they live to eat.
20. "Toughey" and Beth take an airing in an open buggy. Zero weather.
21. Beth has tooth ache, broke a tooth last night.
22. Red letter day in Dad Martin's life. Took Esther skating.
23. Prof. Hicks, "Miss McKinley needs the attention of all the class in order to recite well."
24. Gilmer got his hair cut.
25. Mabel Robb goes to church.
26. Prof. Swan, "I used to go with the girls a little, too."
27. Master Robbie Knox takes little Mabel Benson to the concert. The children behave very well.
28. Bartlett club treat Bridenthal "Babies" to milk.
29. Seniors have a strictly thoroughbred social. Sebe draws a blank.
30. Prof. Robison starts a barber shop—gets a little shaver in the family. Striebe loses his mustache.
31. Fourth number on the lecture course—Peacock makes his debut as stage crier.

February.

1. Miss Reed to Hume, Sebie, Mae and Gretta, "You ought to be in the primary room."
2. Austin varies chapel by playing during prayer.
3. 6:30 a. m. Something doing at the college. "Hello, Centra! Give me 25." Floradora.
4. Ask Beth Nicoll about spectacular at Clark's.
5. Fixtures in Bowlus' room meet him at the door. Who lost the rubber?
6. Grace McKinley, "Get Ed Swan to do it, he's so easy."
7. Hume forgets he has a date and goes home.
8. Preaching at Auditorium. Pink takes a slide.
9. Basket ball game. Reception. Miss Winbigler stays late to watch proceedings.
10. Rees, "The first territory to be admitted into the Union was the Northwest territory."
11. Erma and Mary accept the "lower crust."
12. Sophs have a social at Hodgens. Freshies exercise policy and lay low.
13. A. B. L. prophecy, "Miss Sturgeon is a Story." Harriet in A. B. L., "I have no criticisms to make."
Russell in Ecritean, "I have no objections to offer."
14. Warne and Hume steal bacon on basket ball trip.
15. Heavy snow. Sebie tracks a "dear from church."
16. Pres. Kerr at Freshman meeting, "I move we challenge the Sophs to a color rush on condition that if we win the Sophs will leave us alone so we won't have to hire cabs."
17. Graham to Brownlee, "Give us some points on *aid and comfort*." Warren, blushing, "Sure."
18. Hoyman shuts off Robinson's radiator to avoid a test.
19. Morris adjourns from Elocution to change clothes with Paull before he performs.
20. Big fight on. Kerr and Owens go to country. Fulton distinguishes himself as a "Cusser."
21. Little York "smarties" take a finger in the pie. Kyle and S. R. Hamilton put up a scrap.
22. Freshies celebrate and cut church. Sophs keep guard day and night.
23. Cops help Kerr and Elder. Fight at Hutch's. Women and Malley vs. College. Stevie's pa fires at students.
24. Color returns to Freshies' faces. Prof. Swan, "I smelt Kyle and Owens a block off."
25. McClary lecture. Even Herr Hicks cracks a smile.
26. Bartlett and Bridenthal make pots on Bible contest.
27. Lena Collins, the collateral branch, says "Sebie is not the main guy in the family."
28. Faculty outdo themselves. Everybody delighted with the McMichaels.

March.

1. McMichael is certainly a fine preacher. Ask McMurdy; he was at church.
2. Austin reads the riot act to Graham for having two shows in auditorium at the same time.
3. A. B. L. "Deestrick Skule," Mike and the coon make a hit, L-a-f-f-e-r-t-y spells "sassbox."
4. Luther, "Carrie Hamilton's Washington beau is a hobo."
5. Junior social. Swell goin's on.
6. White goes to Macomb to eat. Miss Gilmer, "O Lord let that be a basket!" Monmouth girls win.
7. Playing truth Jim says, "It is altogether likely that Jess likes me best."
8. Elder takes up collection at Second church. Glad to see him getting into the church work.
9. Mabel Dunham and Mabel Benson surpass all reubens. Attempt to mail letter in fire alarm box.
10. Lena Collins, "I want to learn that expression, *Ich liebe dich*. I may have use for it."
11. Miss Calvin, "Stand like a piece of stationery."
12. Kyle discovers a cat with four stomachs.
13. Bridenthall girls swipe boy's hats. Sebie attends recital in sunbonnet.
14. Hurrah for Peoria.
15. Hume crams in church.
16. Henry goes to see mamma.
17. Harriet remarks that she has been riced before. All aboard for Washington.
18. Vacation. Helen mails her new shirt waist instead of a picture.
19. 4 a. m. "Toughy," "Hogs don't bite like this in New York."
20. Boys push checkers with a stick.
21. What is left have a hop.
22. Mac and Mae go to Roseville in an open buggy.
23. New Yorkers return. Cold and snowy. Mud hub deep.
24. Oaks leaves school. Poor Bea! We'll hear Jack's bray no more.
25. Paull returns from Washington quite elated. Met old Maid and shook hands with a Girl five times.
26. Hicks, "I would like to see a fair sample of the young ladies in my class." Mary Clark and Clara Pratt are present.
27. Olive Bell gets Brownlee school.
28. Fergie to Warren: "I'll take you home some Friday night, but I won't bring you back."
29. Bobbie and Pring scour the town for game cocks. Find none.
30. Hoyman more cheerful than last term.
31. Gretta goes to Newport, Pedey looks glum.

April.

1. Some suckers try the pocket book, Prof. Robinson and Mary Millen included.
2. Company H gets beat. Few tears shed.
3. Tom McCracken and Lella Logan study modern architecture in Swedish church.
4. Crothers, in his sleep after taking Miss Babcock to basket ball game, "What if somebody catches us?"
5. Sunday. College reception at the grave yard.
6. Matrimonial bureau meets. Watson goes snipe hunting.
7. Prof. Bowlus after Mary Millen flunked, "Mr. Pinkerton, perhaps you have a mind, recite on that topic."
8. Gilmer says the swellest reception he ever attended was at a millionaire's home.
9. Juniors and Seniors fight among themselves.
10. Paull carries Beth over the crossing. Bobby brings news from Blanche. Charlie all smiles.
11. McMurdy collides with a hitching post in front of Lindsay's.
12. Sunday again. John Henry wears new collar; looks lots better.
13. Sebie gets game and hires a cab. Every one pleased with Katherine Ridgeway.
14. Second meeting of matrimonial bureau. Lillian, "If Nichol takes Belle he'll have to get a step ladder."
15. Philos get sporty. Ecclits win debate.
16. Bets are paid. Hall carries Ewing, Pink wheels Pring, Ritchie wheels Martin, Watson rolls his potato.
17. Kyle gets job as "Super" for Maloney's Wedding Day Co. Morris, Pring and Pedy rush the can.
18. Chas. B. gets a photo from Morning Sun.
19. Ask Beth if she got home all right. Peacock blocked. Bryson wins out.
20. Pring tears the "Babcock addition" to pieces.
21. Mekemson in school. Hooray!
22. Monmouth 26; Bradley 5. Jess Graham, half way down the aisle, "O, I forgot I was with Bryson."
23. Juniors entertain Seniors. Prof. Robinson says he is a "whist shark."
24. Everybody wonders how Miss Calvin's floor became slick.
25. Zetas breakfast at 6 a. m. Jo Culbertson loses her elastic.
26. More Sunday.
27. Miss Sprowl and Bowlus agree that if you put marbles in water you'll have a solution of marbles.
28. Miss Wherry remarks that her only fear is she may get roasted in the RAVELINGS.
29. "Toughy" gets up in time for breakfast.
30. Bess Gowdy comes back.

May.

1. A fine May party. Faculty are the last to go home(?).
2. Geology class go to Cedar creek. Bowlus shows his true worth.
3. LeClere and Hastie have their room stacked.
4. McMurdy buys bricks at \$1.00 per brick.
5. Gilmer springs his short story "which he has been five years in preparing."
6. Gardner tries to work "Robbie." Learns a sad lesson.
7. Miss Patterson decides to take a vacation. General rejoicing.
8. Base ball at Bloomington. Monmouth 8; Illinois Wesleyan 5.
9. Bradley finished 18 to 5.
10. Bible classes dismissed. Strollers busy.
11. Annual board take an off day.
12. Lost a close game to Augustana, 2 to 1.
13. Last of Choral. Austin flies the handle.
14. May Festival opens grandly. Mme. Linne sets a new fashion.
15. Close of the "big doings"—a grand success. Bartlett's beat Orrs in base ball 22 to 0.
16. Monmouth, 15; Lake Forest, 8. Peacock entertains the windy city with various Reuben-like stunts.
17. Bible classes open again. Ball team report for dinner. "Toughy" finds his rig.
18. Chronologists get tired and go on a strike.

Down on a Village Street.

Down on a village street
Far from the noisy tide,
Is a little home
That I wouldn't give
For all the world beside.

There's many a grander house
With gleaming turrets tall,
But this little home
To my tired eyes
Is fairer than them all.

I want to go home tonight
And sit on my mother's knee;
I wish for her arms
Clasped around my neck
As kind as they used to be.

It's better than ruby wine
To cheer an aching heart,
To hear her whisper
Gentle, sweet and low,
"Don't mind, I'll take your part."

—Nelson Hall.



Aletheorean.

Margaret Riddell	Aletheorean Society was organized in the autumn of 1862. Previous to this time there had been only the A. B. L. Society. Our name,	Ferne Thomson
Charlotte Claney	"Aletheorean," was suggested by Dr. Young and our motto "Aude Sapere," by Dr. J. H. Wilson. The sessions are held	Anna Randles
Grace Galloway	Friday afternoon in a well furnished hall. During the year several additions have been made in the way of furniture.	Jean Brown
Grace Hastie	This has greatly improved the appearance of the hall. The society has reason to be proud of the work done	Nelle Rait
Bertha Campbell	this year. To a number of the old members who returned to college, were added new ones who	Edith French
Rose Cochran	began at once to take part in the programs. We have not been idle in the past, but there is	Mary Clark
Harriet Clark	always room for improvement and in the years to come it is our desire	Mildred Gilmer
Ada St. Clair	that Aletheorean may always be a society of which old and	Anna Dew
Bertha Richey	new members may justly be proud.	Margaret Weed
Alice Hill		Alice Gill
Edith Leigh		Winifred Wherry
Florence Gibson		Fannie Hicks
Margaret Clark		Blanche Adair



ALETHEORIAN SOCIETY.

Ecritean Roll.

Charles Blair

Milford Barnes

Graham Bryson

Will Clark

Carl Croson

Henry Driemeyer

Fulton Ferguson

Wilbur Hogue

Guy Lafferty

Roy McAlpin

Neal McClanahan

Thomas McCracken

Walter McMillan

Bert Marshall

John Martin

Will Matthews

Frank Morris

John Nichol

Walter Oaks

James Peacock

Thomas Saunders

Russell Story

Charles Wagner

Roy White

Wallace Barnes

Warren Brownlee

Hayes Crothers

Herbert Clark

Ensebius Collins

John Ewing

Harry Fulton

Ross Hume

Robert Knox

Paul McClanahan

James McCracken

Edward McMillan

Carlyle McMurdy

Hugh Martin

Clyde Matson

James Millen

Irving Moore

Pierre Norwood

Carl Paul

Wayne Pringle

Will Stevenson

Edward Swan

Harold Watt



ECCRITEAN SOCIETY.

Amateurs des Belles Lettres.

Droit et Avant.

Maud Allison	Ella Andrews	Hope Andrew	Cora Brunnemer
	Erma Babcock	Mabel Benson	
	Helen Barnes	Fannie Bradford	
	Josephine Culbertson	Nora Corette	
	Frances Campbell	It is	Pauline Collins
	Winifred Campbell	the part of	Maude Calvin
	Myrtle McCracken	wisdom to substitute	Olive Bell
	Mabel Dunham	new forms for old, even	Grace Duff
	Esther Dame	though endeared to us by asso-	Mary Ewing
	Maude Ford	ciation, when the latter become time-	Mame Ford
	Edna Foster	worn and inefficient. This is the secret of	Jessie Graham
	Beth Graham	the success that has brightened the history of A.	Bess Gowdy
	Lillian Holgate	B. L. society. Our progress this year with a new con-	Emil Hutchinson
	Belle Irwin	stitution as an instrument to work with has been a great	Etta Jones
	Jessie Kirkpatrick	advancement, and we are still "open to conviction."	Bea Keith
	Sadie Kessel	We are ready for the future and the lessons it	Lella Logan
	Joanna Mitchell	has to teach us, and we mean always to	Mary Millen
	Grace McKinley	have a society that will attract into	Isabelle McElhenney
	Mabel Moore	its ranks the very <i>creme de la</i>	Lena Misener
	Annis Marshall	<i>creme</i> of the girls who	Beth Nicoll
	Clara Pratt	come to old Mon-	Mabel Robb
	Emma Robinson	mouth.	Belle Robinson
	Bertha Reynolds	* *	Nannie Rice
	Lora Sykes	Harriet Sturgeon	
	Ruth Stevenson	Olive Sprowl	
	Fannie Speakman	Janette Tinker	
	Flora Turnbull	Orla Willson	
	Elizabeth Watson		
Bird Campbell	Alpha White	Grace Dean	Blanche Wilson



A. B. L. SOCIETY.

Philo Roll.

Charles Bell

Walter Brown

Ray Elder

Calvin Gast

Chester Guthrie

Nelson Hall

John Hastie

Paul Keith

Robert Kerr

Ferd Luther

Adam Miller

Ross McFadden

James McMeekin

Arthur Owen

James Pinkerton

Harvey Rees

Raus Richey

Arthur Smith

Henry Schwantz

Graham Stewart

Edward Whannel

James Watson

Tim Campbell

Wallace Black "

Fletcher Gardiner

William Gordon

Harold Gilmer

James Harrah

Frank Hoyman

Ralph Kyle

James LeClere

Will Lytle

Sayer Miles

Frank McLean

Carl Nelson

John Parshall

Will Porter

Maurice Rees

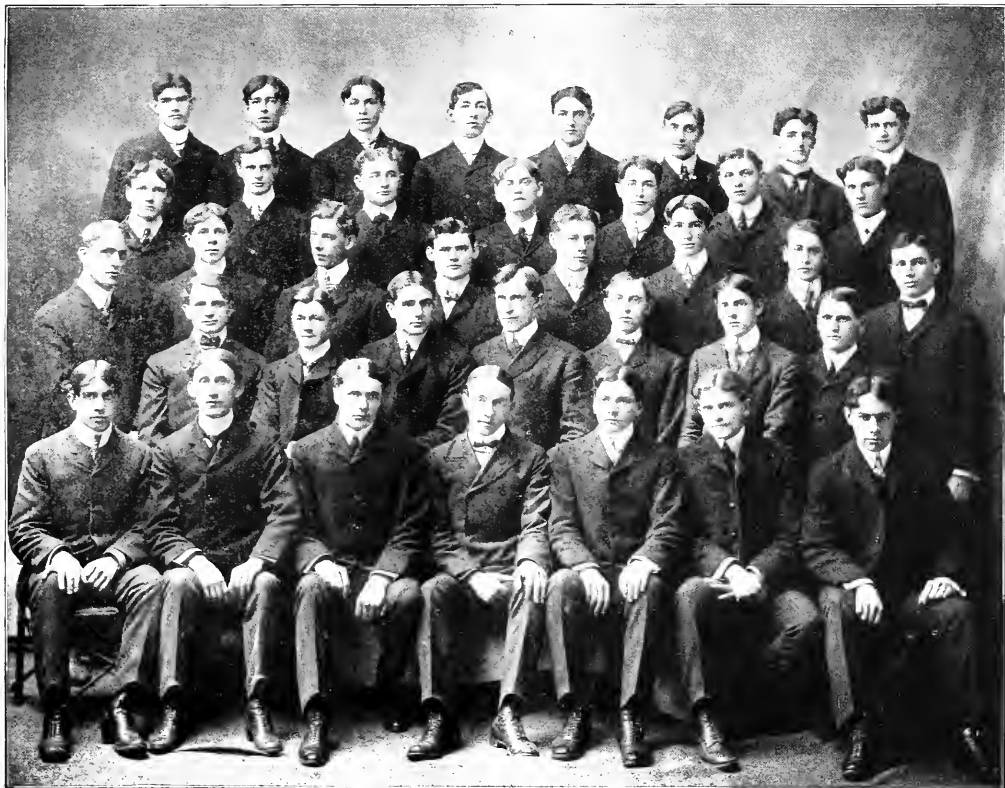
James Rhodes

Ralph Siefert

Fred Sharp

Edward Torley

Robert Whannel



PHILO SOCIETY.

Inter-Society Contests.

Debaters.

WILLIAM ROBERT LYTLE,

Philo debater, hails from Hanover, Indiana, where he was formerly a student in Hanover College. While at Hanover he established a reputation as a contestant. He entered Monmouth College in the fall of 1901 as a Junior. Last year he represented Philo on Essay. This year he was a member of her Inter-Society debating team. Mr. Lytle is very prominent in athletics.



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HUGH MARTIN.

Mr. Martin needs no introduction as a speaker. He appeared as Eccritean orator last year and won.

As a debater he is a clear, logical and forceful thinker. His ability was evident in the Philo-Eccritean debate. He has been a leading spirit in college affairs generally and especially in Eccritean. His home is in Monmouth.



Orators.

HENRY ROSS HUME.

Mr. Hume has won his place as Ecceitane orator by hard, consistent work. He is a speaker of great force and earnestness, and one whose faithful record justifies the trust reposed in him. The Y. M. C. A. this year was very fortunate in having Mr. Hume's services as president. He also played center on our speedy basket ball team. He came to Monmouth from Springfield, Ohio.



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NELSON HALL.

Mr. Hall will represent Philo as orator. He has a marked ability as an orator and has often won honors, both on Philo's platform and in Inter-Society contests. He won second place in the Philo Elliot-Cleland Oratorical, and also in the Preliminary Inter-Collegiate. Mr. Hall has strong literary talent and contributed much to the Literary Department of THE RAVELINGS.

Essay.

FULTON FERGUSON

Mr. Ferguson lives in Goes, Ohio. For two years Mr. Ferguson has been an active worker in Ecclitcan Literary Society. As an essayist he is a man of unquestioned ability, and has well deserved the honor bestowed upon him. During the past year he has been president of the Oratorical Association, and played tackle in foot ball.



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TIM J. CAMPBELL,

Philo's essayist was born at Colfax, Iowa, and lived on mineral water till he entered the Newton high school, from which he graduated in 1900. He entered Monmouth College the following fall, and is now a member of the Junior Class and of its RAVELINGS' Board. At present he is president of the Y. M. C. A., and secretary and treasurer of the Philo-Eccritcan Lecture Course Committee.



Declaimers.

CARLYLE K. McMURDY.

Mr. McMurdy's home is in Hobart, New York. He has been a prominent member of Ecritean society for four years. During this time his performances on the platform have warranted the choice which elected him Ecritean declaimer. Mr. McMurdy is also very prominent in social and athletic circles.



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ARTHUR SMITH

Declaimer for Philo, is a native of Illinois. He entered Monmouth College in the fall of '01. He early showed ability as a declaimer and public speaker. In his Freshman year he won first place on Philo's Elliot-Cleland Oration Contest.





WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS.

Oratorical Association.

OFFICERS.

President	FULTON FERGUSON
Vice President	JAMES PINKERTON
Secretary and Treasurer	CARLYLE K. MCMURDY

WILLIAM J. MATTHEWS.

Monmouth College was represented in the Inter-Collegiate at Bloomington by Mr. Matthews. Mr. Matthews spoke on Cavour, and won second honors. As a public speaker he holds an enviable record. Out of six contests in which he has been entered, since in school, he has won first place in three and second in three. Besides he won the individual prize as debater in the Philo-Ecceritean debate.

Prohibition Club.

OFFICERS.

President	RUSSELL M. STORY
Vice President	GRACE GALLOWAY
Secretary	WALTER BROWN
Treasurer	PAUL MCCLANAHAN

Paul McClanahan, our representative at the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Oratorical contest, won third rank.

FRATERNITIES



Zeta Epsilon Chi.

Sorores in Collegio.

Josephine Culbertson, '03
Isabel Rankin Irwin, '03
Jessie Edith Graham, '05
Clara Pratt, '04
Elizabeth Gowdy, '05
Olive Bell, '05
May Henderson, '06
Margretta Owen, '06

Sorores in Urbe.

Isabel Stewart, '00
Martha Hanna, '01
Louise Doig Anderson, '00
Bess Blackburn, '02
Nell Porter

Sorores ex Urbe

Delia Davidson, '01
Mary Brent, '02
Junia Pollock, '01
Lucia Blake, '02
Theresa McConnell, '04
Helen MacGowan
Dot Tyler
Bess Thornton

ZEX



Kappa Alpha Sigma.

Sorores in Collegio.

Edna Foster, '03

Lora Sykes, '04

Grace McKinley, '04

Pauline Collins, '04

Hope Andrew, '04

Joanna Mitchell, '05

Cora Brunnermer, '05

Erma Babcock, '05

Nora Corette, '05

Nannie Rice, '05

Sorores ex Urbe.

Lucy Harris, '02

Margaretta Butts

Edith Mumford

Mabel Packard

Bertha Alexander

Jessie Arnot

Mary Eakin

Pearl Love

Aleta Soule

May Wallace

Blanche Wilson

Sorores in Urbe.

Mary Hamilton

Helen Dunbar



KAPPAS.

Y. W. C. A.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

President	Belle Robinson
Vice-President	Pauline Collins
Secretary	Grace Galloway
Treasurer	Fannie Bradford

THE Monmouth College Y. W. C. A. is one of the twenty-five student bands of Christian young women of the state of Illinois, of the larger sisterhood of more than four hundred American College Associations and of the still wider circle of the World's Federation of Christian Students. That we might have the fellowship, the help and the inspiration of this concerted "Student Movement" and that we might add to its strength and power the weight of our influence as a Christian college, the form of our organization was changed two years ago, from the C. U. to the Y. W. C. A. We are thereby brought into touch with the leaders of the movement in Bible study, in missionary endeavor, in the concert of prayer, in the state conventions and in the summer conference for training workers. We enjoy the benefit of the literature prepared for the use of College women and the helpful visits of secretaries and the Student Volunteers. Under the leadership of Miss Mabel Robb, assisted by an efficient cabinet, a high standard of Christian living has been held before the girls of Monmouth College. Twice, during the year, the association has been strengthened and encouraged by visits from our State Secretary, Mrs. Floy Rhodes Coleman, whose devotion to the Master and enthusiastic consecration to His service has been a source of inspiration to all the girls. Later, we had the rare privilege of a visit from Dr. Pauline Root, the traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Our avowed object is to promote growth in grace and Christian fellowship among the Monmouth College girls, to lead them to devote their lives to Jesus Christ, and to train for His service, and to these ends the work has been planned by the various committees, whether in the selection of prayer topics and leaders, or in Bible circles, or mission study bands, or in contributions to the support of our missionary, the Rev. Kruidenier, of the American Mission in Egypt, or in the making and selling of pennants and pillows to swell our Geneva Fund. The prospects for the coming year are very bright. Our girls have grown more accustomed to Association methods, and with a good delegation at Geneva in August to bring us more of its purpose and spirit, with an enthusiastic and consecrated president and cabinet to lead and the spirit of the Master to guide, we expect to do more aggressive work for Him, whose we are and whom we serve.

FLORABEL PATTERSON.

Y. M. C. A.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God."

THE WORK of the Y. M. C. A. for the year '02-'03 can be briefly summed up in these words—We have been studying to show ourselves approved unto God. For our institution to turn out young men thoroughly equipped for life's work, not only must the mind and body be developed, but the spirit also. To promote spiritual development is the object of the college Y. M. C. A. Our work this year has been up to the usual high standard. Early in the fall a large number of new students united with our organization. The places left vacant by the class of '02 were filled and the work has moved right along. The prayer meetings have been well attended and their exercises very interesting and helpful.

In a school where the number of Christian students reaches as high a per cent. as nine-tenths, the work of the Y. M. C. A. is not so much of an evangelistic nature. The work of our association this year has been to build up and strengthen the Christian character of the students. Our prayer meetings have been adapted to this end. The Association has also conducted a number of Bible study classes, and has recently started a mission study class. Each day during a week of the winter term, the young men conducted a twenty-minute prayer meeting at four o'clock. These meetings were given up wholly to prayer for an outpouring of God's spirit. Our Association had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. W. W. Dillon, State Secretary of the College Department. Mr. Arthur Rugh, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited our institution for a number of days during the winter term. Mr. Rugh aroused considerable interest in mission study and got a number of the boys to seriously consider missionary endeavor as their life work. On the whole, our work for the past year, while not near what we had hoped it would be, has not been entirely fruitless. As we look forward into the future, we feel sure that much good will be done through the agency of the Y. M. C. A., for it is an effective instrument for the performance of Christian work, and because we feel that we have the prayers of the whole church. We would present an earnest plea to all Christians, and especially United Presbyterians, that they would remember the work of our organization when they approach the Throne of Grace, that through it we may be able to accomplish more for Christ and the advancement of His kingdom. The officers for the college year of '03-'04 are: President, T. J. Campbell; Vice President, M. E. Barnes; Secretary, C. A. Nelson; Corresponding Secretary, C. G. Paull; Treasurer, Neal McClanahan. ROSS HUME.

Choral Union.

CHORAL UNION is unquestionably becoming the most prosperous organization in the college. No one will deny that Monmouth College has been enjoying a remarkable boom the last two years. This increased interest and enthusiasm has been brought about, to a great degree, through the reorganization of the Musical department. If there is anyone organization in Monmouth College which can be considered a complement of a department, that organization is the Choral Union. Its relations to the Musical department are that of a complement. Each one furnishes material for the other, and jointly they furnish the material for the best series of entertainments, and hence the best advertising Monmouth College has ever had, for all agree that a good musical department can do more in the way of advertising a college than any other one department. During the past two years we have given several concerts each time bringing foreign artists of such ability as to enable us to give an entertainment of so great artistic excellence that it would reflect gratifying credit upon our Union, college and city. We expect to crown our efforts this year with a good Musical Festival, the like of which Monmouth has never before had the pleasure or honor of supporting. We will close the year with a membership of about one hundred, and we expect to open again in September with at least that many on the roll. The membership fee for this year was \$2.50 for the entire year; \$1.50 for the fall term, and \$1.00 each for the winter and spring terms. We hope to be able to continue the work the coming year at the same terms, and extend a hearty invitation to all old students returning in September to get in line for Choral, and bring some one with you.

J. CLYDE MCCOY, President Choral Union.

Orchestra.

Directress, Mrs. Hobart.

During the past year an orchestra of ten pieces has been organized to meet the demand for a college orchestra. This is something of which Monmouth has long stood in need, and it is gratifying that at present, under the able direction of Mrs. Hobart, we have a good college orchestra.



'04 RAVELINGS BOARD.



BETWEEN THIRD & HOME.



AT THE CARNIVAL.



A STREET FAIR SCENE.



Side
Lights
on the
"Deestrik
Skule"

Eating Clubs.



A bunch of dates and a jug of wine
Under the bamboo tree,
May suit So Long, or his friend Ping Pong,
He's only a poor Chinese.

But give me the board where the joke goes round
And the girls are gay and sweet:
Where the pumpkin pies are of mammoth size,
That's where I like to eat.

Bridenthal Club.

Club Motto—"Lettuce."

Club Flower—Pillsbury's Best XXXX.

Yell—Chaw, Chaw, Chaw, Chaw, Chaw, Chaw,

Bridenthal, Bridenthal.

Rah, Rah, Rah!

AFTER considerable urging on the part of the Annual Board, we have consented to allow them the use of our picture and history as an aid in selling Annuals. We are very modest, and not given to singing our own praise, but here goes. The custom of eating is almost as ancient as man himself. We have read that about 6,000 years ago Adam and Eve started the custom just before they moved out of the garden and began farming. This laborious custom of eating, established so long ago, has ever since been observed, and, being handed down to the present, the Bridenthalites have done their best to preserve the custom as well as themselves. Like our friends, Adam and Eve, we always eat the best in the market. Ed Swan proved the superiority of Bridenthal beans over all others when he won the All-Around Indoor Championship. We are a small family of thirty-two; and not a "stick" in the bunch. We have athletes, orators, musicians, and as many lobsters as any other club. In athletics we are the whole cheese. None of our teams have been defeated this year. Last fall our basket ball girls defeated all comers, especially the Bartlett girls. We are always in shape to play, and challenge all comers to meet any of our teams. Football, baseball, basketball (male, female or mixed), hand ball, billiards (3 balls), billiards (four balls), pool (Chinese or call shot), whist, cinch, whiskey poker, draw poker or stove poker. Also on short notice we can furnish teams for stripe, craps or dominoes.

One of our chief qualifications is "roasting." If you don't believe it, come down and see. We are always "at home" to our friends. Our students are too numerous to mention. With our musicians you are familiar, and because of a personal objection, I will not mention any lobsters.

Hope Andrew
Erma Babcock
Helen Barnes
Wallace Barnes
Mabel Benson
Charlie Blair
Graham Bryson
Eusebius Collins

Pauline Collins
Nora Corette
Mabel Dunham
Fulton Ferguson
Carrie Hamilton
Bess Hopping
Ross Hume
Guy Lafferty

Lella Logan
Ferd Luther
Will Lytle
Emma Lytle
Myrtle McCracken
Tom McCracken
Carlyle McMurdy
Ethel Monlux

Frank Morris
Beth Nicoll
Carl Paul
Wayne Pringle
Harriet Sturgeon
Ed Swan
Charlie Wagner
Winifred Wherry



BRIDENTHAL CLUB.

The Bartlett Pears.

Mistress,

Mrs. Mary Bartlett.

IN THE HISTORY of men and nations there often arises a need for something new—something better. So in response to this necessity, the doors at 206 South Seventh street were thrown open and the Bartlett Club came into existence. Though at first formed chiefly of new material, the calves soon ceased their bawling and settled down contentedly in the sweet, new pastures. The femininity of our club became discouraged when they could find no flaws to pick in the grub or manner of serving, and went farther. They have since learned the truth of the old adages, "All is not gold that glitters" and "He laughs best who laughs last." Together with the young (?) ladies went the "chronic kickers." Thus weeded out the Bartlett Club stands away up in the top notch of excellence.

When you read of the War of the Rebellion, the maxim, "In union there is strength," is impressed forcibly upon your attention. When you interview the members of the Bartlett Club, you again think of the same old proverb. It would be almost impossible to find fourteen fellows with more unanimity of thought than the present members of the Bartlett Club. The one, ever present, all pervading sentiment is, "The Bartletts are the people, our cooks are the best, our meals are the best part of our college days." To see us at our meals one would think all that college students had in mind was to get filled. A stranger coming in cannot understand why we enjoy our meals so well but one participation in a meal dispels all his wonderment and he only wonders how such a good thing has been so long undiscovered.

When Elder, the wooden man, starts in to tell his woeful tale, Driemeyer, the younger, always is reminded of a new (?) Story. Then our ears are opened, our minds enlightened and sometimes to Little Henry's sorrow our tongues become Sharpe. Even Brown, erstwhile called Piety, has become the jovial good fellow of whom we are all so proud. As our grub will testify, we possess the only Gard(ian)er in the whole school. The Clarke twins eat away. Bell and Crothers growl along in their usual style. Croson sadly sits and thinks of how he used to eat when he was feeling good. Saunders grows absent minded and feeds the floor instead of his face. Kyle, Jr., rolls the pepper box around to see the pretty tracks it leaves. And Kyle, Sr., "smokes up" so beautifully when "Grace" is said.

In athletics we are all there. In base ball we smothered the Orrs, 22 to 0. And just let us whisper in

your ear that there are fourteen fellows at 206 South Seventh street ready to back the Bartlett standards against any others.

On one memorable occasion our munificence went so far as to bestow several quarts of milk on the Bridenthal Babies when they were "broke." Since we never go "broke," they have had no opportunity to repay us in kind. To tell the truth in the matter, we fear they cannot, for one of the girl Babies said, "Oh, that milk was the best thing we have had for ever so long."

Perhaps you would like a list of our boys with some of the facts gleaned from their history.

College Name.	Class	Age.	Club Name	Noted for
Henry Driemeyer	'06	—00	Dreamer	His endowment of the bowling alley and his new stories.
Fletcher Gardiner	'05	Can't talk to tell us	Peter	His oratorical ability and his subsequent strawberry treat.
Walter Brown	'05	50	Foxy Grandpa	His pious face and his impious stories,
Herbert Clarke	'06	— $\sqrt{00}$	Sleepy	See catalogue of Boostillogical Museum, pages 300-987.
Carl Croson	'06	$4\sqrt{00}$	Megaphone	His one time enormous appetite and his manly voice.
Taltou Clark	—	24 hours	"Tal"	His unquenchable flow of words.
Fred Sharpe	'05	A contemporary of Caesar	St. Stephen	His benign influence on the rest of the "little devils."
Hayes Crothers	'03	400	Carey	His abilities as a growler.
Thomas Saunders	'06	Forgotten	Tommy	His utter absentmindedness.
Fred Kyle	—	—0	Freddie	Nothing but "Mellin's Food."
* { Ray Elder	'06	Can't count so high	Pork or Thing	His enormous feet and eating abilities.
Ralph Kyle	'06	.001	Smoker	His constantly repeated "How much will you spot me?"
Charles Bell	'03	921	"It"	His general, all round, downright cussedness.
Russell Story	'04	912	Fixin'	His favorite expression "h— fire "

*These four constitute the Devilment Committee

The Bartletts first! The Bartletts last! Hurrah for the boys who never fast!
Here's to a bond that will not sever— The Bartlett Club, now and forever!

Titus Club.

FEW ARE fortunate enough to board at the best table in the city—in fact only nineteen were lucky enough to enjoy such a privilege this year, and those nineteen boarded at the Titus club. A merrier and more congenial crowd would be hard to find, and to a chance visitor it would seem that we lived on the principle of “eat, drink and be merry.” Although as a club we can only date our commencement at the beginning of the spring term, yet the crowd has been almost the same through the year, and nothing has happened which could mar the unalloyed pleasure of our associations. During the winter term we took advantage of the sleighing to go on a bob party to the rural home of one of our senior members, where everyone spent a most enjoyable evening. It would be impossible, however, to write an adequate history of our club in the space allowed us. Suffice it to say that we have among our number the cream of all the classes—from the timid and unassuming Prep, to the calm, dignified and self complacent Senior. One of the latter, Miss Ruth Stevenson, had the honor of being the Queen of May this spring.

In athletics we had an honorable representation. In foot ball we had our old war-horse, Brownlee, at end, and the redoubtable LeClere as tackle. In basket ball Fulton and Porter for the first team, and Miss Flora Turnbull for the girls' first team, did themselves proud. Besides this almost all the club members took a more or less active interest in the indoor athletic classes. But what more need we say? A glance at the list of our members will convince the most skeptical that our claim to be the finest club in town is well founded. Here is our line-up at meal time:

Milford Barnes	Harry Fulton	Mabel Moore
Lulu Briecker	Robert Kerr	Will Porter
Warren Brownlee	Jennie Kinsman	Arthur Smith
Margaret Clark	James LeClere	Ruth Stevenson
Esther Dame	Roy McAlpin	Flora Turnbull
Grace Duff	Isabel McElhinney	Will Turnbull
		Jessie Winbigler
Stewards	Barnes and Fulton



TITUS CLUB.

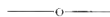
Eureka Club.

O Club, thou art the place,
Where all with happy face,
 Sit down to eat.
Long may thy mem'ry last,
And round us pleasure cast
When, college life then past,
 College friends we meet.

Eight girls, three times a day,
For half an hour do stay
 At the old club.
They like "pie day" the best,
For dessert when in quest,
The cook grants their request
 Out of pure love.

Eight boys who are all right
With monstrous appetite
 Rally round our board.
Each has his favorite roast,
Is ready for a toast:
But of them we'll not boast,
 Sure is their reward.

So Club, farewell to thee,
 We love thee tenderly
 For what thou art.
 Though in the coming year,
 New faces will appear,
 The past's to us still dear
 In every heart.



THE EUREKA CLUB.

Mrs. Preston Mistress.

833 East Third Avenue.

Tim J. Campbell
 Sayer Miles
 Margaret Riddell
 Paul Keith

Charlotte Claney
 Jessie Kirkpatrick
 John Hastie
 Fannie Hicks

Frank Hoyman
 James Rhodes
 Bertha Campbell
 T. Lew Renie

Grace Hastie
 Maurice Rees
 Edith French
 Arthur Owen

Bea Keith

Ralph Seifert



Athletics.



C. K. WARNE

PERHAPS NEVER before in the history of Monmouth College has such great interest been taken in general athletics by all connected with the institution as has been shown this year. Especially has this interest been shown by the way in which our teams have been supported by the student body. Each student has taken a personal pride in our athletic prowess. The assessment of the students for the support of athletics, and the system of control by an athletic board, have given to team managers a certain guarantee, and have placed athletics in general on a firmer basis. The board of athletic control is no longer an experiment, but its practicability and desirability have been demonstrated by its successful operation. The board for this year consists of the following persons:

George Patton

James Peacock

W. W. McCullough

Maurice Rees

Prof. Russell Graham

The college was fortunate in securing for foot ball coach Dr. C. E. Street, a graduate of the University of Michigan and quarter-back on her famous team of 1900. The football season, taken as a whole, was a

success. The majority of our men were new, but in the hands of our coach many of them developed a good football style. The excellent showing against the heavier team of Lake Forest University on Thanksgiving day won the admiration and praise of foot ball enthusiasts, both for the team and for our coach. With Dr. Street back next year we can develop a team which will do credit to our college, and help her regain her old place of superiority in athletics.

At the close of the foot ball season, attention was turned to indoor athletics. Great interest was taken by the students in the work. Prof. Warne had charge of the courses and gave systematic training in

regular classes to all who desired it. For those desiring advanced training in apparatus work, a special leaders' class was formed. In basket ball Prof. Warne pursued a far sighted policy, and the results of his training will be evident for some time to come. All desiring to learn the game were enrolled in league teams, and as long as this plan is followed there can be no scarcity of trained basket ball material.

Our college has reason to be proud of her basket ball team. None of last year's first team were in school, but last year's second team developed speed and team work which, where they were not at a disadvantage of a waxed floor, were hard to defeat. So much interest was taken by the citizens of the city and the students of the college in indoor athletics that better facilities were needed for entertaining the crowds at public exhibitions. With this end in view, aided by the students, a gallery was built in the gymnasium. This is a great improvement to our gymnasium and supplies a long felt want.

We are represented this year in base ball by a team, which, if we may judge by the opening games, will play a very successful season and establish an enviable reputation for our college among the colleges of the state. Our prospects for a winning team were good from the first, but when last year's star pitcher resumed his old position, everyone felt that the team was complete, and all were willing to give it their support. Although we have a hard schedule outlined, we have a team that we feel certain will not disappoint us.

Interest in athletics is on the increase in Monmouth College, and she is steadily and surely forging to the front.

C. G. PAULL.

Foot Ball.

W. J. MATTHEWS,
Manager.

WARREN BROWNLEE,
Captain.

Dr. C E STREET, Coach.

FIRST TEAM.

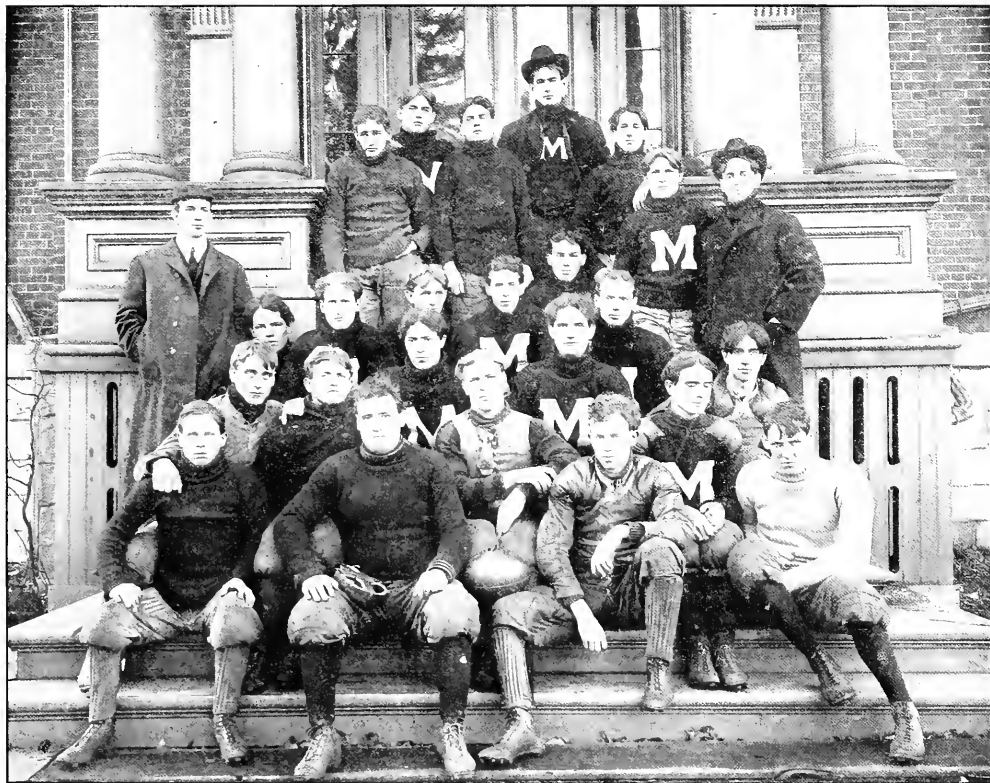
W. T. McMillan.....	R. E.....	Kyle
*McFadden.....	R. T.....	Collins
LeClere, Ferguson.....	R. G.	Barnes
McMurdy.....	C.	Bryson
Clarke	L. G.	Ewing
Hall.....	L. T.....	Hastie
Pringle, Brownlee, Capt.....	L. E.....	Story
Nichol.....	Q.	Gardiner
Lytle.....	R. H.....	Owen
E. McMillan	L. H.....	Norwood
Marshall	F. B.	Carothers

SECOND TEAM.



C. E. STREET.

*Died of pneumonia March 28, 1903.



FOOT BALL TEAM.

Foot Ball Schedule.



FOOT BALL

Sept. 27—Monmouth, 0; Chicago University, 24.

Oct. 3—Monmouth, 0; Illinois University, 33.

Oct. 11—Monmouth, 35; Augustana, 0.

Oct. 19—Monmouth, 26; St. Albans, 0.

Oct. 27—Monmouth, 0; Lombard, 17.

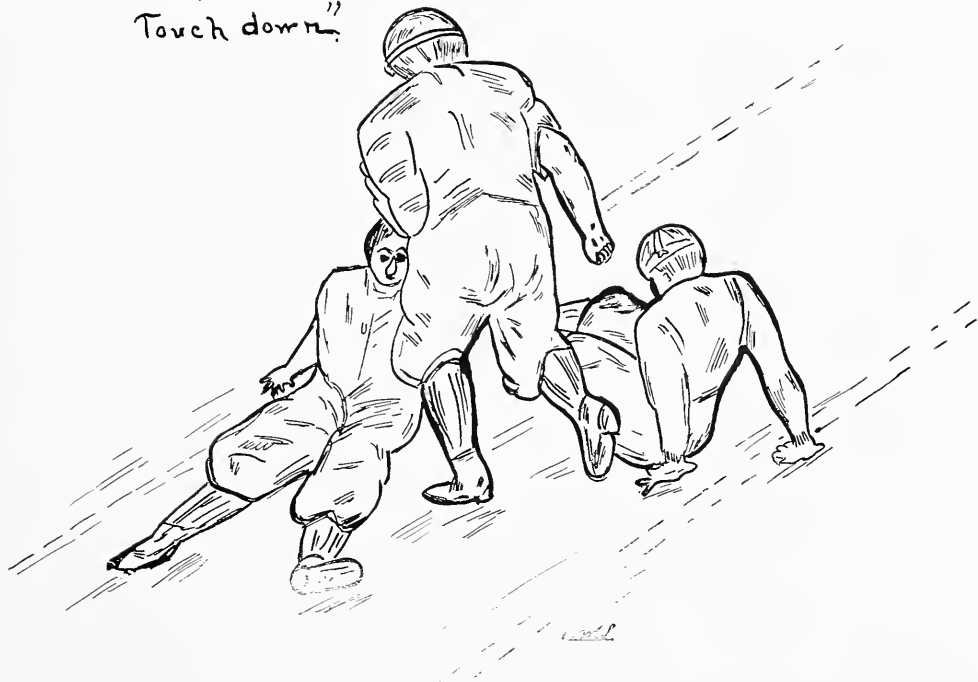
Oct. 31—Monmouth, 8; Eureka, 6.

Nov. 7—Monmouth, 0; Lombard, 5.

Nov. 22—Monmouth, 6; Augustana, 10.

Nov. 27—Monmouth, 11; Lake Forest 12.

Here's
for a
Touch down.



Base Ball

JAS. PEACOCK, Manager

CHAS. P. BLAIR, Assistant

EDWARD McMILLAN, Captain

C. K. WARNE, Coach

Meekemson, pitcher

E. McMillan, catcher

Bell, short stop

Marshall, 1st base

Porter, right field

W. McMillan, 2d base

Clark, left field

McCoy, 3d base

Lafferty, center field

Base Ball Schedule 1903

April 22—Monmouth 26, Bradley 5. *Monmouth*

May 14—Monmouth 9, Neb. Indians 0. *Monmouth*

May 2—Monmouth vs. Augustana. *Rock Island*

May 16—Monmouth 15, Lake Forest 8. *Lake Forest*

Game called on account of rain.

May 19—Monmouth 3, Lombard 5. *Monmouth*

May 6—Monmouth 3, Iowa Wesleyan 1. *Monmouth*

May 25—Monmouth vs. Iowa Wesleyan. *St. Pleasant*

May 8—Monmouth 9, Ills. Wesleyan 5. *Bloomington*

May 28—Monmouth vs. Upper Iowa. *Monmouth*

May 9—Monmouth 18, Bradley 5. *Peoria*

May 30—Monmouth vs. Illinois Wesleyan. *Monmouth*

May 12—Monmouth 1, Augustana 2. *Monmouth*

June 6—Monmouth vs. Lake Forest. *Monmouth*

Base Ball Schedule 1902

April 19—Monmouth 7, St. Albans 8.

April 24—Monmouth 3, Bradley 4.

April 30—Monmouth 4, Lombard 2.

May 2—Monmouth 8, Eureka 5.

May 3—Monmouth 8, Bradley 5.

May 8—Monmouth 2, Knox 7.

May 10—Monmouth 18, Augustana 2.

May 13—Monmouth 7, Knox 10.

May 23—Monmouth 1, Notre Dame 10.

May 27—Monmouth 5, Augustana 2.

May 30—Monmouth 13, Eureka 6.

June 3—Monmouth 9, St. Albans 6



BASE BALL TEAM.

Basket Ball.

CHARLES P. BLAIR,
Manager.

W. M. CLARKE,
Captain.

C. K. WARNE, Coach.

Blair, right forward.

Porter, left forward.

Clarke, center.

Fulton, right guard.

Hume, left guard.

Wagner, substitute.

Basket Ball Schedule.

Jan. 9—Monmouth, 47; Keithsburg, 7.
Jan. 28—Monmouth, 21; Burlington, 25.
Feb. 13—Monmouth, 20; Muscatine, 29.
Feb. 20—Monmouth, 19; Augustana, 20.
Feb. 27—Monmouth, 38; Keithsburg, 12.
Feb. 27—Monmouth, 31; Y. M. C. A., 10.
March 5—Monmouth, 12; Augustana, 36.
March 13—Monmouth, 23; Burlington, 26.



BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Girls' Basket Ball.

CHARLES K. WARNE, Manager and Coach.

LORA SYKES, Captain.

Etta Jones, right forward.

Lora Sykes, left forward.

Mildred Gilmer, center.

Flora Turnbull, right guard.

Emma Lytle, left guard.

Grace Galloway, substitute.

Basket Ball Schedule.

Monmouth, 6; Macomb, 5.

Monmouth, 7; Augustana, 6.

Monmouth, 20; Keithsburg, 2.

Monmouth, 1; Olympian, 10.

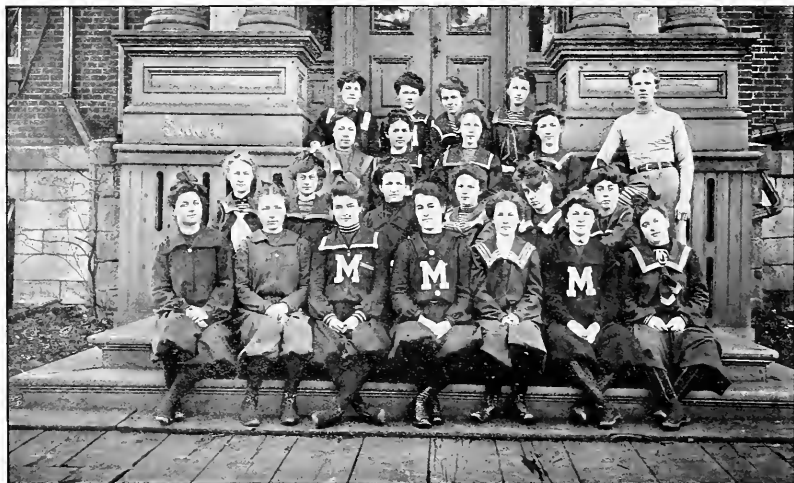
Monmouth, 7; Macomb, 9.

Monmouth, 7; Macomb, 0.

Monmouth, 2; Olympian, 5.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.



GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLASS.



GIRLS' GYMNASIUM CLASS.



Inter-Class Relay Race.

Senior Team—

Bell, Clark, McMurdy.

Junior Team—

Swan, Story, Peacock.

Sophomore Team—

Brown, M. Barnes, E. McMillan.

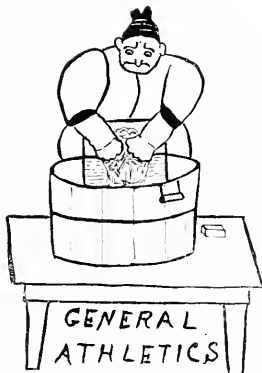
Freshmen Team—

Kyle, Fulton, McAlpin.

First place was won by the Juniors, second by the Seniors, third by the Sophomores, and fourth by the Freshmen.

An Inter-class Field Meet is scheduled for Monday, June 8th. This promises to be a most interesting and exciting contest. A valuable cup is offered the winners as a prize.

Athletics.



Napoleon was a mighty man
And fought a bloody war;
He carved his way to glory,
And carved it pretty far.
But would you see some doings
About the real thing?
Just climb up on the bleachers, boys,

And
watch
our
Pring.

Goliath did a stunt or two,
And David was a fright,
It made the heathen tremble
When they saw his armour bright.
But would you see Knox waver,
And Lake Forest take a hike?
Just climb up on the bleachers, boys,

And
watch
our
Mike.

Caesar rode a gallant horse,
He rode him like a prince,
And since he died, we've mounted
And been riding ever since.
But would you see the strongest card
In all the college pack?
Just climb up on the bleachers, boys,

And
watch
our
Mac!

—Nelson Hall.

The Oracle.

THE FIRST college publication in Monmouth was started in June, 1857. It was called the Monmouth College Clipper. The following year began the College Courier. It was a private venture but later it was run by a joint stock company. It occupied a very important place in college affairs. In the fall of 1881 some trouble arose as to "who should carry the banner," and a rival paper, the Monmouth Collegian, entered the field. These rivals carried on a general war till 1889, when they were merged as the Annex, run by the Annex joint stock company. The Annex existed till the spring of 1894, when becoming involved financially, it was closed out by the constable. The next fall a monthly called the Ravelings was issued. This paper served its day and generation for about two years, but becoming involved in a collision with the "powers that pray," it went the way of all the earth. In the fall of 1896 the Faculty put out a paper called the Courier. It was filled with college news and articles by different learned ones. It was used to advertise the institution. This paper lasted for about three years and then passed "over the Great Divide."

In the winter of 1897 The Oracle began its career as a private venture in college journalism, with Benjamin S. Blake and Howard Hamilton as editors-in-chief and C. A. Wiley as business manager. Private ownership seemed the only feasible way of carrying on a college paper at that time and The Oracle was continued on that basis, but last winter, a year ago, the then owners of the paper, Messrs. Jones, Nichol and Martin, came to the conclusion that it should be put on a broader basis. It was thought that the best organization for carrying on this leading student enterprise was the Senior class. Last fall this offer was made to the Class of '03 and was accepted. A full board was selected by the class, who have had charge of the paper during the past year. The Oracle board for 1902-3 is as follows:

Hugh T. Martin, Managing Editor.

Isabel R. Irwin, Literary Editor.

Ferd Luther, }
Fulton Ferguson, } Local Editors.

E. H. Collins, Exchange Editor.

W. R. Lytle, Alumni Editor.

Carlyle K. McMurdy, Miscellaneous Editor.

John P. Nichol, Business Manager.

It is felt that this method of carrying on a college paper is much preferable to anything which has yet been suggested or tried. At the close of the present year The Oracle will be turned over to the Class of '04. It is the expectation that the paper will thus be handed down from Senior class to Senior class, keeping it always a student enterprise, but at the same time making it broad and liberal, that it may at all times subserve the best interests of Monmouth College.



THE ORACLE
1903



Contests.

Intercollegiate Oratorical, Bloomington, Illinois . . . Wm. J. Matthews second.

Tracy Bible Rendition Contest—

Pauline Collins, first.

Grace Galloway, second.

Paul McClanahan, third.

Fred Sharpe, fourth.

Philo Declamation Contest—

Frank McLean, first.

Wallace Black, second.

Philo Oratorical Contest—

Fletcher Gardiner, first.

Fred Sharpe, second.

Eccritean Declamation Contest—

Clyde Matson, first.

Carl Croson, second.

Oratorical Preliminary—

Neal McClanahan, first

Paul McClanahan, sec.

Prohibition Intercollegiate Oratorical, Abingdon, Ill. . . Paul McClanahan, third.

Philo-Eccritean Team Debate.

Question:

“Resolved, That party candidates for elective offices within the state should be nominated by the direct vote of the parties.”

Affirmative, Philo.

Negative, Eccritean.

Philo Team—

W. R. Lytle

Robt. Kerr

Frank Hoyman

Eccritean Team—

Hugh Martin

Wm. J. Matthews

John Nichol

The decision was unanimous in favor of the Negative. Mr. Matthews of the Eccritean team, also won first in the individual contest as to the best debater.



The Junior Girl.

Take the sunbeams of the day,
Bind them all in one bright ray,
But their tint cannot compare
With the glory of her hair.
Neither can the starry skies
Dazzle us like her bright eyes,
And her face is twice as sweet
As the lillies at her feet.
She's as wise as she is rare,
And as good as she is fair.
Love her? Well, I guess we do!
If you knew her so would you.
Here's good luck forevermore
To the girl of Nineteen-four.

—Nelson Hall.



Faculty Traits

For the Benefit of New Students and Those Unacquainted With the Idiosyncrasies of Our Professors.

Prof. McMillan—Always assigns seats to the members of his classes and calls upon them in the order of seating. The fact that he may start at any one of the four corners, and may either follow the rows, or go back and forth, prevents any forecasts of what the student may have to recite upon.

Prof. Graham—Students arise to recite or flunk as the case may be.

Prof. Swan—Favorite pastime, unexpected tests. Any number of questions in class will be cheerfully answered, but interest thus manifested will have no effect on final grade.

Miss Patterson is very skillful in detecting a bluff, it is best to make some slight preparation for her class, as she will pursue your first answer thus—"Yes, I know, but why?"

Miss Winbigler—A well kept note book will be of assistance. There is no need to fear her exams. If student wishes to recite, an animated conversation with the one sitting next you will ordinarily effect the desired end.

Miss Woodburn—It is well to know the whys and wherefores of all construction.

Prof. Hicks—Usually calls on student in order of seating. Jokes are expected to be laughed at. Incorrect pronunciation unpardonable. Requires students to be prepared if he isn't. Insists that he is Professor, not Mr. We quote his standard as follows: "As soon as I feel that you will not be too big a mark for the German department of Monmouth College, I will pass you."

Prof. Bowlus—Requires his notes or textbook. Other peculiarities hard to define.

Prof. Robinson—Expatiates on such subjects as, "Sublimated qualities of intuitive imagination." Gives away B's at end of each term.

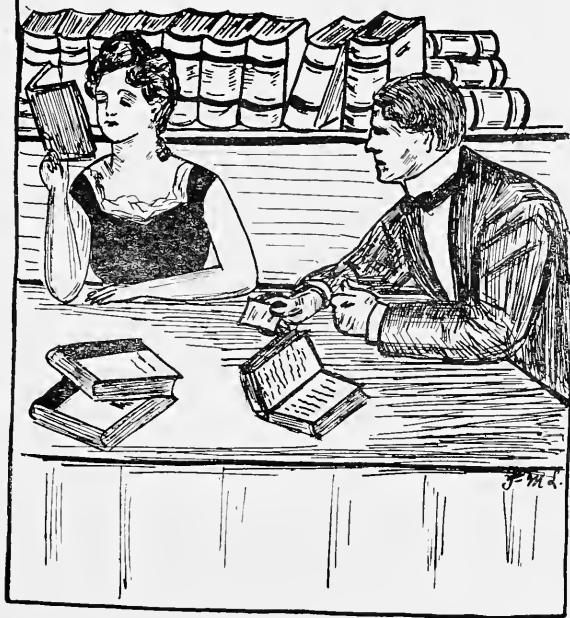
Prof. McCracken—He is a Junior; he's all right.

Miss Calvin—One of the most charming members of the faculty. It's hard for a student to give close attention because of attractiveness of teacher.

Miss Wilson—Delights in adorning manuscripts with red ink.

Prof. Glass—Better stay out of class room till last bell rings if you don't want to begin to recite.

Literary



A Love Story.

'T WAS the night of the Faculty reception for our new president, Mr. McMichael—a most auspicious time for a declaration of love. All the students were there, dressed in their most beautiful costumes, and wearing bright and happy looks. The assembly room was a symphony in white and red, the lovely flowers in the center of the room, and the stately palms in the back-ground making a fairy like setting for the beautiful scene.

The music room, just off the assembly room, with fitted up with rugs, lace curtains, easy chairs, and divans until it formed a very attractive and cosy place. Here it was, of course, that our love affair rapidly grew, until those old tender words, yet ever new, were spoken once again. In this case they came from a man suffering with a dreadful toothache, and fearing the mumps. She was standing by the piano idly picking out "Sammy" on the keys, when our hero came and stood beside her. She looked up and made some remark but he only looked into the depths of her serious gray eyes. Suddenly he burst forth with the burden his heart had carried so long, "Beth, Ich liebe dich!"

Too startled to say more than, "Why Professor Versel this is really a surprise," Beth sank into a chair, her fluttering heart too torn by conflicting emotions to say more. Just then Her (r) Professor was vociferously called to the piano by the students, and played, strangely enough, "Love's Golden Dream," and for an encore, "O Promise Me."

Would that the ecstasy of these two hearts could be portrayed! But words are idle things, where the theme is love, the greatest passion of the human soul. It is enough to say, that the result of this daring declaration of love was eminently satisfactory to the parties most vitally concerned, and Professor did not have the mumps.

Letters Home.

My Dear Mother:

September 14, '02.

Got to Monmouth last night; this is an awful big town, and they have paved streets and telephones and electric lights here. I am rooming six blocks from down town, just think. My number is 224 South Sixth street. The houses are all numbered and the streets have names. I think it is so funny. I didn't lose a thing on the train; it would have been just like me to forget something. The boys here are not so plenty or so nice looking, as I thought they'd be. I almost wish I had stayed in Winter et. There is a big boy down at the club where I board that I think is pretty nice, but he is too big for me to go with. I wish you'd send me fifty dollars when you write again, for I want to take dancing lessons and I want to buy a deck of cards.

November 15, '02.

Just think what I did when I went to mail my last letter to you. You know they have mail boxes with little lids on them around on the corners to put letters in, and a man comes and gets them. Well the girls told me there was one on a post at the corner of Sixth Street and Broadway, so I went down to mail the letter. I looked all around and found a little red box on a telephone pole but I couldn't get into it, so I came home and told the girls and they laughed at me. They said it was the fire alarm box, but I never heard of such a thing and I'm mad at them. I've got lots of fellows now and just have a fine time. I can dance fine, too. I have taken one lesson. My eyes have given out and I have dropped all my studies but "Rhetoric" and music. Only been able to take one music lesson on account of my eyes. I'm afraid I'll be sick. Be just like me you know. They call me "Fat;" isn't that mean?

January 15, '03.

I'm taking music and typewriting on Grove's piano now, but the boys won't let me practice much, they want to talk to me all the time. I take my breakfast at Grove's, dinner at Clarks', and supper at Bridenthals', that I may get to talk to all the boys. Burned my deck of cards last week and have quit dancing. I have joined A. B. L., Y. W. C. A. and Prohibition Club at the college, and Christian Union at Second church. Next week I'm going to join W. C. T. U. and Salvation Army—they want me to beat the drum and take up collection; I think I ought to do it for it would get so many more young men to the meeting who would otherwise not come. I have been made leader of one Bible class. Wish you had got me a Bible with an index. I had an awful time to find the place, until I found there was an index in the front of the book.

Yours lovingly,

Mabel.

P. S.—Wish you would send me \$200 for my initiation fees, right away. M. B.



The Cap and Gown.

Whose is this privilege to wear

The cap and gown?

Whose guerdon a charmed life to bear

In cap and gown?

The man whose eyes look up, not down:

Whose mind his kingdom is and crown.

Let him pay the price of his toil with joy:

It was not joy before, but life's alloy;

His grosser metal, refined as by fire,

Has been sublimed and raised up higher.

The mind's rare pleasures 'tis his to explore—

Fields all untrodden in those days before

The new-born work began—the new career—

The touch of soul with soul in larger sphere.

The strength of the years that have swiftly flown,

The finer life that these years have grown,

This voice of the Law now reigning within,

Are signals that raise up leaders of men.

Mere leaders of men? Perish the thought!

No end in itself why the soul has wrought

Through years that have sped. Here's a leader's
way—

Here's your cue, *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

This life's worth itself, self-repressed, serene,
High-mounted, thinking, wisely humble, clean:
A law to itself by the Voice within—
This is a life for the leaders of men.

Seeing, it shall see new stars in the night:
Hearing, it shall hear what the stars indite:
The realm of Truth is its field of recruit:
And Time is its world: to serve, its pursuit.

Then, hail to that life be its race brief or long!
The World's best music is its harp and its song;
The mind's larger vision, the soul's higher view,
A year or a score, blends with Infinite hue.

Whose, then, is this new freedom to wear
The cap and gown?
Whose privilege his honors to bear
In cap and gown?
The man or woman, in black or brown,
Whose mind a kingdom is and crown.

—L. E. Robinson.



Tale of a Freshie.

'Twas February twenty-third,
Perhaps the day you reck;
The Sophs, by guarding here and there,
The Freshies kept in check.

One Freshman lad, Elder by name,
Had thought to leave at morn
The hiding place in which he lay,
And make the Sophs forlorn.

He softly rose, put on his clothes,
Then looked the way to see.
O Fate! a Soph! He slammed the door
As scared as man could be.

All through that long and dreary day
His soul got no repose,
His frightened brain the very air
Did picture full of foes.

His girl, poor thing, she did her best,
She tried to comfort him;
But when the banquet time came round
His chance looked mighty slim.

The cab came up. The Sophs came too.
And what did that boy do,
Get in? Oh no! To his wild mind
The cabbies looked too few.

Helen was brave, but Ray? For shame!
Small stomach had to fight.
So there he stayed and prayed and hoped—
He was so sad a sight.

At last in desperation he
For the patrol did send.
In it, Helen and Ray, shamefaced,
Their humbled way did wend.

O Elder, bravest of the brave,
Thou surely art a roast,
For such a deed as thou hast done
Thy soul must hotly toast.

To take a girl in a patrol
Doth look so very cheap;
Thy sins upon thyself! and may
Thou a dread harvest reap.

From Experience.

A poor excuse is worse than none when it isn't believed.

+++

Tim: "It is funny to me why some fellows chase around with different girls all the time."

+++

Jessie K. while Versel was playing, "Isn't that sweet! It makes me wish Bobbie were by my side."

A Girl.

Many a grade has had to fall

For a girl.

Just a girl.

Many a Prof. has had to crawl

For a girl.

Just a girl.

When a young man enters here,

He may mean to study right:

But 'tis likelier, I fear,

That he'll spend his time in fight

For a girl.

Just a girl.

Why did Adam take the bite?

For a girl.

Just a girl.

Why was Troy swept out of sight?

For a girl.

Just a girl.

O, would heaven still be bright,

And would any good man care

To achieve it, if he might

Never claim forever there,

Just a girl,

Glorious girl!

When I'm a Man.

(Recited of a Prep.)

Say, did you never hang aroun'
A feelin' sorter blue,
An' watch the other fellow doin'
Things you knowed you couldn't do?
An' if you tried you'd fail, an' then
The kids would raise a yell,
An' you would walk away an' feel
About as blue as — well
Ef you haint felt it, I don't know
As I am goin' to tell.

S'pose the kids wuz playin' keeps,
An' w'en yer time 'ould come,
You'd pick yer taw, a lookin' wise
An' squintin' down your thumb,
An' feelin' big, but w'en you shot,
'Fore you could holler "scat!"
Yer marble rolled right in the ring
An' all the kids yelled, "fat!"
An' then you felt about as fine
As granpa's old straw hat

An' w'en the spellin' class is called,
You're feelin' purty fine;
Fer though you cannot shoot, you think
This game is in yer line.
An' w'en the teacher looks at you
An' sez, "My boy, spell land,"
You miss, and some kid spells it right,
You're licked with one tied hand.
An' all the kids jes' turn away
An' larf to beat the band.

An' spose there wuz a gurl with hair
Jes' like a daffodil,
An' eyes as blue as violets,
Yer loved her fit to kill.
An' while yer sorter hung aroun'
A feelin' like a fool,
A kid with freckles on his nose
Come up as pert and cool,
An' then she made a face at you
Right there before the school.

Say, w'en I get to be a man,
Then I'll do things 'bout right.
I'll make the kids that larf at me
Think I am out of sight.
I'll beat the world at marbles then;
They'll think me purty fly:
I'll spell like old man Webster, an'
Jes' bet your coin that I
Will make the girls all look at me,
When I go walking by.

—Nelson Hall.



Spectacular!

Act 1, 2, 3, and Lights Out—Moral: Don't Disrobe for Sweet Slumber Until You Know Everybody Else is in Bed.

HATER, says the Evening Gazette, was out late the other night. With his better half, the two, whom it is not necessary to name, keep a boarding house and rooming establishment in the east end for students of the college. These students are of both sexes, and it is customary for them to visit each other during the long winter evenings and talk over matters collegiate and otherwise.

On this particular evening one of the young gentlemen students from another club establishment was calling on one of the young ladies at this particular place. They occupied the parlor and as the hour was late the rest of the big family had retired leaving the young couple to themselves—that is, all except the head of the family, who was out attending lodge or something.

As before stated, the lord of the mansion returned home late. Everything was quiet about the house and he tiptoed himself in and soon discarding his outer garments attired himself in a suit of pajamas ready to seek sweet slumber. A careful man, he bethought himself to see that everything was made burglar proof before retiring and in his perambulations about the domicile espied a light in the parlor through a crack in the door which stood partly ajar. Commenting on the carelessness of people generally in allowing the gas to burn all night, the belated house-holder holted into the parlor to shut off the gas and reduce expenses.

It is needless to say that there were three very startled people in the house at this juncture. The head of the house backed out of the room much quicker than he entered it: the young man looked like he had seen two or three ghosts, and the young lady nearly had a fit.

We draw the curtain over the harrowing scene, but would just like to have been there with a flash-light kodak.

Monmouth Mud.

When first we heard of Monmouth
And all her pleasant traits,
We always heard from friend or foe
About her muddy streets.

The tales they told seemed very strange,
And we never understood
Why, instead of brick and stone,
The walks were made of wood.

When we had been here scarce a week,
The rain began to pour,
The gutters ran as rivers,
And the streets were mud galore.

Oh! the perseverance of that mud!
How much like sticky glue.
We half a day on it did rub,—
But you've been here, you know it's true.

On the day before a lecture,
When the weather was too bad,
We could see the boys all frowning:
They would have to get a cab.

But the saddest thing of all
Is that the girls must suffer too:
In the mud they oft have fallen,
And have missed their class, boo-hoo!

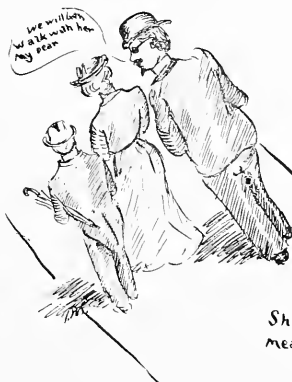
Yet in spite of all her slushy streets,
We love old Monmouth well,
Her praises we will ever sing,
And of her mud will tell.

—Hope Andrew.



Se. the school-malam coming down the walk.

PART - 1 -



PART-2-

She says she likes to walk to her meals with both of them.

Ode to a Rooster.

First you steal him,
Then you peel him,
Then you fry him nice and brown,
Then you holler
To her, "Foller,
And we'll stroll three miles from town."

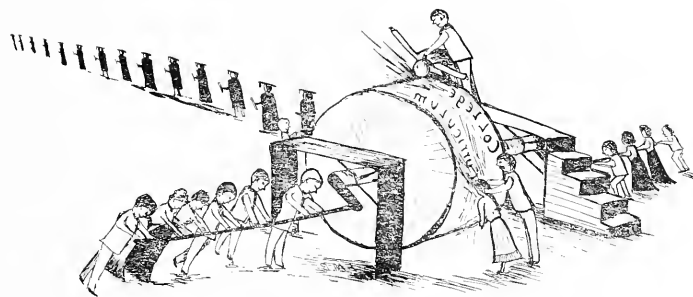
Build a camp-fire
Like a tramp-fire
Out of C. and B. Q. ties.
And the roaring.
Leaping, soaring
Flames leap upward to the skies.

O 'twas awful.
And 'twas crawful.
As we ate those home-made pies,
With chick ender
Cooked up tender,
Tender as your sweetheart's eyes.

But our gladness
Turned to sadness,
And our shrieks appalled the air,
When to beat us,
And to cheat us,
Juniors rushed upon us there.

How they tore us,
How they wore us,
Out upon those railroad ties.
How they lammed us,
How they jammed us,
Till we looked like roosts for flies.

—"C. K. McMurdy."



Our Last Letter from Polly.

Monmouth, Ill., Saturday afternoon.

My Dear Retta—As it has been quite a spell since I wrote, there are several little things to tell. Where shall I begin, I wonder? O yes, the Freshman banquet, to be sure. It was all new to me, about the Freshmen holding a banquet every year on the 22nd of February, and about the Sophomores keeping the Freshmen boys from attending it. This year, the Freshman president, Mr. Kerr, and one of the prominent members of the class, Mr. Owens, were captured by the Sophomores the Friday before the show. You see the banquet was held Monday as the 22d this year was on Sabbath. Kerr and Owens were taken to Little York and kept under guard until some Little York people got facetious, played they were policemen, and made the Sophomores release them. Kerr and Owens came back to town, and their thrilling escape evidently frightened the rest of the Freshmen. At any rate, by Sabbath not a single, solitary Freshman could be seen, and by Monday even the Freshmen girls had scooted. They made themselves so very scarce that only one more capture was made, and that was kind of funny. One poor Freshman was found at noon, Monday, in the banquet hall, all togged out in his 'glad rags.' He was taken out through the transom or keyhole or something (for the hall was locked), and sent to the rural districts. He had gone early to avoid the rush, but didn't get there at last till 11 o'clock, and didn't look so fluffy as at first. As the Freshmen were protected by policemen, no more captures were made. One couple, think of it, actually rode to the banquet in the patrol wagon. Said they would rather go that way than any other way. Queer how some people do like open rigs in cold weather. Now there's Beth Nicoll, (she's Mabel Benson's room-mate) went riding in an open rig one night when the mercury was away down by zero. Then another cold night four people went sleigh-riding, and had a dreadful 'falling out.' This is a dark secret, so don't breathe it: they were all Seniors but three, and——. Speaking of Seniors reminds me of the Seniors' 'doin's' on the 23d of February. They got a holiday that day because it was the day after Washington's birthday. I don't see the drift of it myself, do you? Nobody else got a holiday. Well, they celebrated by having a dinner in the Assembly room. They had a high old time, I guess. Actually played and sang "Hot Time" while chapel was going on overhead! After dinner they all played Virginia reel too. Aren't you surprised that *some* in the Senior class would do that—the presidents of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. for instance? Some people think it as bad as dancing, you know. I didn't tell you what they had to eat—the principal things were oysters, coffee, six jars of jam, and three kinds of pie. By the way,

Fulton Ferguson can make the best pies. Who would have "thunk" it? Lemon pie is his specialty, and he makes it often for his girl friends. Yes, he still goes with Olive Bell. Took her to church the night the fellow fell down in the Auditorium. Did you know that Sebe teaches short-hand? Has a class of six, that is, when they all get up in time. His pupils are getting along fine, especially Carl Paull. He uses his shorthand in a business way already. One night he was down at Hodgen's with three others eating oysters, and wanted awfully bad to say something to the other fellow, so he wrote in shorthand, "Please pay my bill." See? The girls didn't but the other fellow did, and everything was lovely. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. held a social together not long ago. The primary object was for the girls to sell candy and Monmouth banners to make money to do the things the state Y. W. C. A. secretary wants them to do—to fix up the girls' waiting room, to send delegates to all the different conventions, to send out missionaries, to serve chocolates and wafers in the girls' waiting room every Friday afternoon, and to have a social once a month. The game was literally a howling success. The boys shelled out their pennies dutifully, and everything was sold. Several boys were good to help decorate the room for the social, and carry chairs and dishes and things. They tell on Wallace Barnes that he went to a hardware store to get a glass punch bowl for the social, just because that was where he thought a girl told him to go. I hardly believe it myself, for it does seem as though most anybody would know enough not to go to a plow shop for dishes. Ross Hume is rather easy to tease about some things, too. For some reason he doesn't like to have people talk about the Senior social that was held in the college one night, when the girls were minus. They called it the "Senior Smoker" simply for a fancy name. A. B. L. had their annual spread at the regular time. Had a lovely time and lots to eat, of course. After the spread we visited the boys' societies, according to custom. Each had a good program. McMurdy's "oration" in Ecritean, especially showed deep thought and much originality. Well, I imagine you never received as long an epistle as this in all your earthly existence, so I will stop, for I can't think of another solitary thing to say.

Votre amie,

P. S.—Write real soon.

POLLY.



With in the name of SENSE Don't them
Student FELLERS Git Bigger umbrellers!

Social History.



IN ACCORDANCE with their time honored custom, the Brownie Band chose as their representatives for Monmouth College the Policeman and the Imp. When the doors of college opened in September, '02, two forlorn looking objects wandered from room to room seeking some one to whom they could introduce themselves. They soon entered a room where they stood face to face with the Registrar. Mustering up their courage, they advanced and asked admittance to the college. The Policeman was received with favor, but the poor Imp was put through a severe examination regarding his moral standing.

In order not to miss any of the festivities, they secured a room near the campus and anxiously awaited the opening of the social season. In a few days they heard at Chapel the announcement that the Y. W. C.A. and Y.M.C.A. would receive the students in the Assembly room. They were sorely puzzled as to who the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. might be but they had no intention of missing anything and as this was to be their first appearance in society, they were much excited. Especially did the Imp hope to find something doing, and to make the acquaintance of certain young men he had picked as being the very ones he most desired to make his friends. The two arrived early so as not to miss any of the fun. So agreeable did they make themselves that both they and others soon forgot they were strangers. They behaved so well, and secured such a standing with both Faculty and students, that their social prestige was established from that hour.

The Policeman allied himself with the Juniors. He came to this decision after careful consideration of the several classes. The Freshmen were too young, the Sophomores had too exalted an opinion

of their own merits; the Seniors—well he always felt chilly when with them. The Imp did not ally himself with any class, hoping to be a participant in the fun of all.

The Brownies had no time to be homesick, for society began in earnest now. Every few days they received invitations from one class or another to a picnic, chicken roast, hayrack ride, or other festivity. The Policeman was invited to attend the first social event of the Junior class which was to be a Marshmallow roast. The Imp, being left out, decided to stir up a little racket on the side, but all his efforts were of no avail. The Sophomores and Freshmen always gladly received the advice and support of the Imp.

One day the Imp heard a young lady ask another when "Peanut Night" was to be. He hurried home and asked the Policeman if he had any idea when and what "Peanut Night" was. Of course the Policeman was ignorant and so the Imp decided to find out for himself. The next day he heard two young men discussing the subject of Peanut Night. He asked what it meant and when told, he hurried home to impart the news. From now on everything centered about Peanut Night. The Policeman decided it was a great event for he had heard many words of pleasure expressed by the girls on receiving their invitations. When they discovered that both Philo and Eccritean were to celebrate their choice of contestants on the same evening, great was the Brownies' regret. They had hoped to attend both. The Imp thought he had better go with Philo as they were to celebrate down town in Hodgen's Hall, and there might be an opportunity for him to engage in some mischief. The Policeman decided he would take in the Eccritean doings. Both Brownies were greatly excited the evening of the celebration, and parted early after having agreed to tell each other their experiences. Both returned about the same time declaring they had spent one of the best times of their lives. The Imp, being very impatient to tell his story, was allowed to begin.

He said he had been about the first to arrive at the Hall, and had spent the first few moments in learning to stand on a slick floor. He really was much astonished at the indifferent way some people walked across such a floor. It seemed as if they were used to it. For a while all enjoyed a social time and then they sat down to such a banquet. The Imp had never seen its equal and really felt repaid for going. After the banquet an expectant air seemed to fall on all. The Imp had noticed that during the evening certain of the banqueters had worn such worried looks, and had been unable to eat much. He discovered the cause of this when a young man arose and introduced some very appropriate toasts and responses. Great was the pleasure expressed at the representatives chosen for the Philo contest team. The Imp did not reveal the fact whether or not he had found an opportunity to engage in any mischief or inspire anyone to enjoy the music.

The Policeman said he had gone to the college building and spent a pleasant time with the students in

Eccritean Hall. They were soon invited to go upstairs to the Peanut Room. When he entered the room, he was greeted by a volley of peanuts. He did not understand this treatment at first, but soon entered into the battle with as much spirit and pleasure as the rest. Even to the Policeman, who had often engaged in battles of various kinds, this was one long to be remembered. The company next gathered in the Assembly Room of the Auditorium and there sat down to a sumptuous banquet. One young man wore an especially preoccupied look and the Policeman was greatly worried over him. But he learned that the fellow was the Toast Master and that he was only trying to think of some appropriate introductions for those on the program. A charter member of Eccritean was present and told of the founding of the society. The party broke up at a late hour, feeling assured that the Eccritean boys would win the contest.

The time passed swiftly with both the Imp and the Policeman busy attending various social functions, and as they always added to the company's pleasure they were usually invited to all the doings. They often wondered how the students found time to attend school, for they themselves were busy enough without entering class rooms. They were glad of the rest the holidays gave them but welcomed the opening of school and the return of the students. When it was rumored that the Freshies were to have a banquet, the Imp was delighted and lost no time in making his plans for he saw a chance to have some fun. The Policeman determined to protect the poor children if possible, but in spite of his watchfulness, the Sophs captured the Freshman President and gave him a ride in the country. The captive, however, was returned by the law loving citizens of a small village near by. The Imp was very busy the day of the celebration, and the Policeman was much worried over the results which might follow the Imp's connection with the affair. The Policeman hired a conveyance for the night, and much to the disgust of the Imp, gave the Freshman President a ride to the banquet hall. Then seeing a poor couple in need of help he also gave the young man and his fair companion a ride to the scene of the festivities. The Imp was much excited all the evening and once he so confused a couple of youths that they very nearly entered the wrong cab. At one other time he was frightened at hearing shots, for he thought he might have to answer for some lives. The Policeman went to the hall to guard the Freshmen from further trouble. The Imp, crest fallen at the failure of his plans but not discouraged, went to the hall determined to avenge himself on the poor Freshies. The music suited his taste and he thinks there are a few more who know the ins and outs of keeping time to music. How many souls he introduced to his father, the Devil, will never be known. The Faculty made no attempt to sift the matter.

The Imp and the Policeman rested a brief space following this excitement, but soon were again accepting invitations to formal gatherings, class socials and other festivities.

As warm weather came on, and the trees and flowers began to awake, rumors were heard of a May party, at which the gentlemen of the college were to be the guests of the young ladies. In accordance with the custom, a May Queen was to be chosen from the Senior Class, and a May Pole dance was to be given by sixteen young ladies. As the Brownies had never seen such a dance or attended a May Party, they were very anxious to be present at this one. But a day or two before the long looked for event the Imp fell ill with a severe attack of mumps and was compelled to return home. The Policeman, not wishing to be left alone, decided to return with him, and much to their regret they missed this festivity. The Brownie band was much disappointed that the Imp and Policeman were obliged to return, for now they would have no one to record for them the social functions in Monmouth College.

LORA SYKES.

† † †

Society Notes.

The charity ball and grand raffle conducted by the girls of the Y. W. C. A. during the winter term to dispose of the flags and banners they had made in order to raise money for various and sundry purposes, was an unqualified success. Everything they wished to dispose of met with a ready sale, a goodly number of shekels were gathered in, and everybody was happy. An interesting feature of the evening was the blind-folded horse race. This was the ingenious and original suggestion of Mr. Hume, and was thrilling in the extreme. The horse race, however, was marred by a distressing accident. Carlyle K., one of the most promising nags in the bunch, became afflicted with a case of the blind staggers while on the first lap and collided with a table, knocking some dishes to the floor. This made the hit of the evening. He then butted forcibly into one of the iron pillars which supported the building, and was put out of the running. The pillar was uninjured.

† † †

Messrs. Pringle, Morris and Swan, three of the bright and shining lights in our midst, made a trip to St. Louis during the spring vacation for a short period of rest and relaxation. These gentlemen found themselves being overcome by a feeling of *ennui* and needing a change of air and scenery, so took this method of recuperation. In order to still further banish this feeling of *ennui* the trip was made in a freight car going down and in a palace anthracite car coming back. The name of the car which was occupied solely by the three above named was "Old King Cole." The feeling of *ennui* was replaced by that tired feeling, and the trio have since been dieted on a combination of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

A Sophomore's Acceptance.

You're not one of the upper crust,
But only one of the masses.
You can't mix in our crowd,
Nor taste of my molasses.

Of course in a class affair
Everything is changed you know;
And as I am the one you ask,
I suppose, of course, I must go.

You must understand, however,
This isn't for keeps at all.
And though you like me very much,
You can't loaf in our hall.

Yes, I'll go this evening,
Just for the class's sake;
I'll sit beside you at lunch,
And help you to the cake.

But just remember, young man,
You're only of common dust;
And though you think you're so many,
You're not of the upper crust.





A "Bastie" Challenge.

"The Freshmen girls have been called hens
By you impudent Sophomore fools,
But I am here to deny the charge
Though I lose all my crimson ooze."

Thus spake Regulus the Freshman,
To the Sophomores, grave and tall,
As they gathered around to capture him
In a college boarding hall.

"I'm from the Iowa Capital,
Was captain of base ball there;
Just take a feel of my biceps,
And look at my foot ball hair.

"I've made an "M" already,
And haven't been here a year;
So step right up, you suckers,
You can't cause me a fear.

"I'll fight you one at a time,
Or all at once, bad men:
For I am cock of the walk,
Though '06 girls never are hens."



M. BARNES AND WAGNER FORD CEDAR CREEK.

II Stood on the Porch.

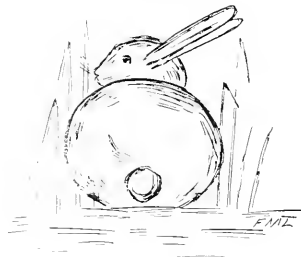
I stood on the porch at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the old gent rose,—what a pity!
His looks were dark and sour.
Among her long black tresses,
My trembling fingers lay,
As the old gent's number elevens,
Seemed to lift and bear me away.

As sweeping, eddying through me,
Rose my belated pride,
As streaming in the moonlight,
My coat tails floated wide,
And like a cyclone rushing
Among my quaking fears,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me,
As I blushed behind the ears.

How often! oh, how often!
In the days that have gone by,
I have stood on that porch at midnight,
And gazed in her bangs and eyes,
How often! oh, how often!
I have wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear the old gent on its bosom,
To the ocean, wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of scare;
And I hardly dared to kiss her,
For fear that her "Pa" was there.
But now he has ceased to annoy me,
He sleeps beneath the tree,
And only the sorrows of others
Cast a shadow over me.

As I think how many thousand
Of care-encumbered men,
All bearing their burden of leather,
Have sprung from a porch since then,
I figure as long as courtship goes,
As long as hearts have passions,
As long as boots have toes—
Porches will aid affections.





Faculty Roasts.

Faculty Jokes.

Congressman Hogg, '76, speaking in chapel—"I brought Prof. Rogers out with me, that I might feel I had somebody back of me."

† † †

Professor Robinson—"We'll not roast him out of respect to his 'Lew assistant.'"

† † †

Professor Swan goes home late for dinner. Four-year-old Willie, sternly, "What makes you so late, you d-m- fool." Ask Willie for sequel.

† † †

Professor Glass, during St. Albans foot-ball game, "Look at that ——— fool pounding our man."

† † †

Professor Bowlus after his fight with the cat, "I held on manfully, boys, but it scratched and spit so that I had to let go."

† † †

Even if Hicks is "Dr." and not Mr., he needn't refuse to speak to a fellow.

† † †

Miss Patterson shouldn't use so much card slang in her lectures. The influence is rather degenerating.

† † †

Miss Wilson's walking abilities are only excelled by her sarcastic criticisms.

† † †

Professor McCracken is a Junior. You can't roast him.

† † †

Professor McMillan's past is at last revealed. He helped steal a hog when in college. "Murder will out."



A VACATION EPISODE

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Bell."

"Yes, Miss Wherry."

"Say, I'm awfully lonesome."

"I'm sorry but I'm afraid I can't help it."

"Well you might come over and try it."

"I'm afraid I can't come tonight."

"Come tomorrow night. I'll save it for you."

"Alright."

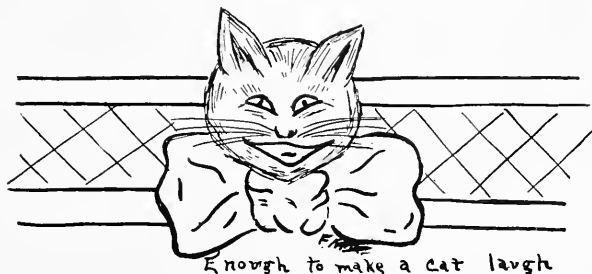
Fathers and Mothers in Israel.

Fred Shem Sharpe.
Ham Strieby.
Guy Methuselah Lafferty.
James Booz Pinkerton.
Isabella Eve Irwin.
Edna Sarai Foster.
Mary Salome Clark.
Jimmie Job McCracken.
Bea Bathsheba Keith.
Bildadtheshuhite Matthews.

Fulton Lot Ferguson.
Olive Lotswife Bell.
Fannie Sapphira Hicks.
Frank Isaac Hoyman.
Warren Jacob Brownlee
Maggie Rachel and Lea Clark.
Ferdinand Abimelech Luther.
Bess Zilpah Hopping.
Tom Moses McCracken.
Earle Mordecai Stewart.

Henry Peleg Dreimeyer.

Average age of the above is 27 years, 5 months, 11 days, 2 minutes, 58 seconds.



Bits of Brightness.

Flirt and the girls flirt with you,
Flunk and you flunk alone.

† † †

A letter from home is like a contagious disease. You would like to see a check put to it.

† † †

You'll never miss an absence till the fifth goes by.

† † †

Turnups—If a Prof. looks at you, turn up your eyes; if a Prof. overlooks you, turn up your nose; if a Prof. looks through you, turn up your toes, and don't turn up at next recitation.

† † †

A Freshman is one who knoweth not, and knoweth not that he knoweth not.

A Sophomore is one who knoweth not, and knoweth that he knoweth not.

A Junior is one who knoweth, but thinketh that he knoweth not,

A Senior is one who knoweth, and knoweth that he knoweth.—Ex.

† † †

Monmouth College is advertised as being thorough, Christian, and progressive. Exams are thorough; Faculty is Christian; and students are progressive.—Nichol.

† † †

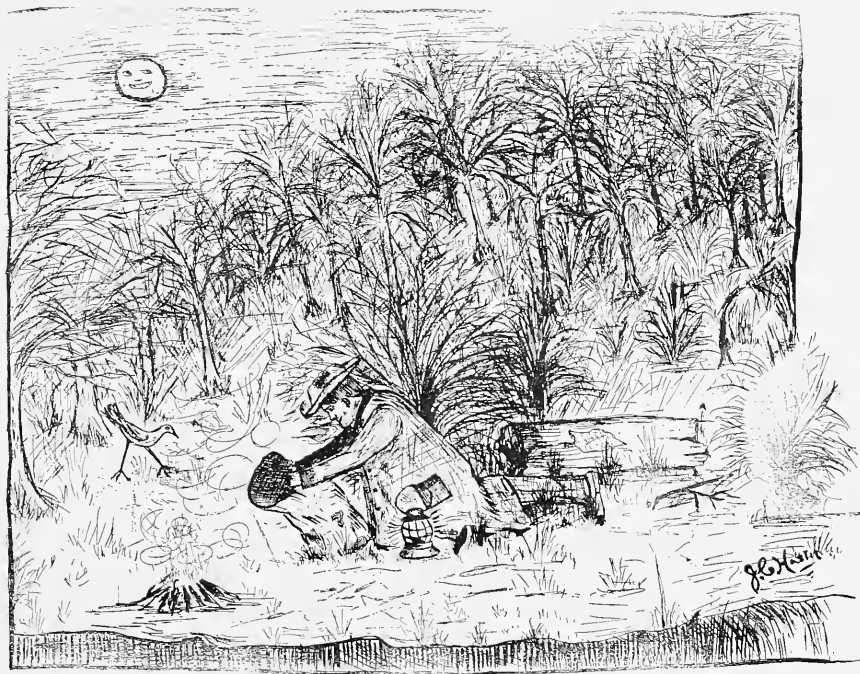
Why is Mr. Hicks always buttin' in? Because he wears a goatee.

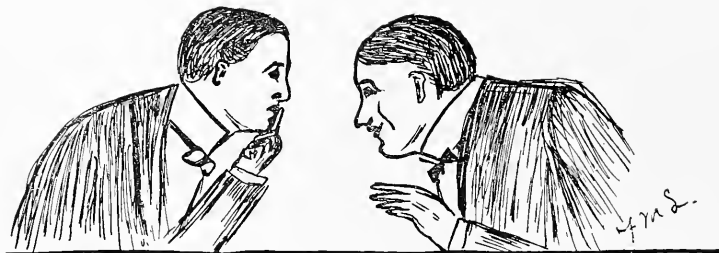
† † †

Of all sad words of lad or lass, the saddest are these, "I did not pass."

† † †

We find that even in Virgil's time young men were very disrespectful, because he said, "Seek your ancient mother."





Things We Are Paid Not To Tell

How Bess Gowdy got dates for all entertainments on the lecture course.

Why Janette and Homer did not appear together at McClary's lecture.

Why the "Seminary" broke up.

How many girls Sebie asked for Peanut night.

Why Lafferty takes more delight in society than in past years; Wagner too.

Why Paul McClanahan spent his Bible Contest money for chocolates and mince pie to eat at the "White house."

Whose picture Professor Warne wears in his watch.

When Clara Pratt said, "I've got to be looking around for another beau; Will won't be here next year."

How often Jess Graham rises to a point of order in A. B. L.

When Helen B. said, "I'm not either engaged."

The Pious Plodders.

OFFICERS.

President—Guy Lafferty, Grand Grind.
Vice President—Ella Belle Andrews, Profound, Persistent Plugger.
Secretary—Hugh Martin, Deep, Dutiful Digger.
Treasurer—Joanna Mitchell, Poor, Patient Poler.
Time Keeper—Ross Hume, Shrinkless, Shirkless Shark.
Corresponding Secretary—Grace McKinley, Crude, Cranky Cribber.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Mabel Dunham

James Pinkerton

Lora Sykes

Bobbie Lytle

REQUIREMENTS.

- I. All lessons must be prepared six days beforehand.
- II. The greater part of every summer's work must be spent in study.
- III. Plodders must have a scornful disdain for flunkers. This must be exhibited by a look of pained contempt.
- IV. All conversation must be confined to daily studies.
- V. No more than three hours per day must be spent in sleep. Study should be continued during meals.

Here and There.

Fern, "O my dear Dromedary."

After Congressman Hogg's speech at chapel, Toughey hopefully exclaims, "My, what a college education will do for a brute."

Jessie K. "There is the door, Mr. Lytle. I am going to bed."

Fulton when attacked, "I'm dying! I'm dying!"

At the Freshman Banquet Harriet makes her debut as a soloist in that touching ballad, "Lord bless and pity us."

A case of total eclipse, the face lost behind a blooming smile. All you think of is a sunflower in its glory.—Croson.

In Elocution II. McClanahan remarks that Ferguson might improve if he had more air. Practice being windy, Fulton.]

To Our Artists,

Who have so ably assisted us in our endeavor to make this book attractive, we dedicate this page as a slight mark of our appreciation.

FRANCIS M. LANPHERE.

ELLA M. BARNES.

GRACE MCKINLEY.

THOMAS W. SAUNDERS.

FRANK M. CARNAHAN.

PAUL MARTIN.



Central Lyceum Bureau

OF CHICAGO.

Advance List of Attractions for 1903-04

Exclusively Controlling the Following:

Suzanne Adams,

Prima Donna Soprano, assisted by Leo Stern, Violoncellist; George Crampton, Basso Cantante, and a Pianist.

Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra
Kaffir Boy Choir from South Africa
Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra
Central Grand Concert Company
Siegel-Meyer-Caveny Combination
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Ernest Thompson-Seton
Harry De Windt
Thos. Dixon, Jr.
DeWitt Miller
Dr. Frank Bristol
Frederick E. Hopkins
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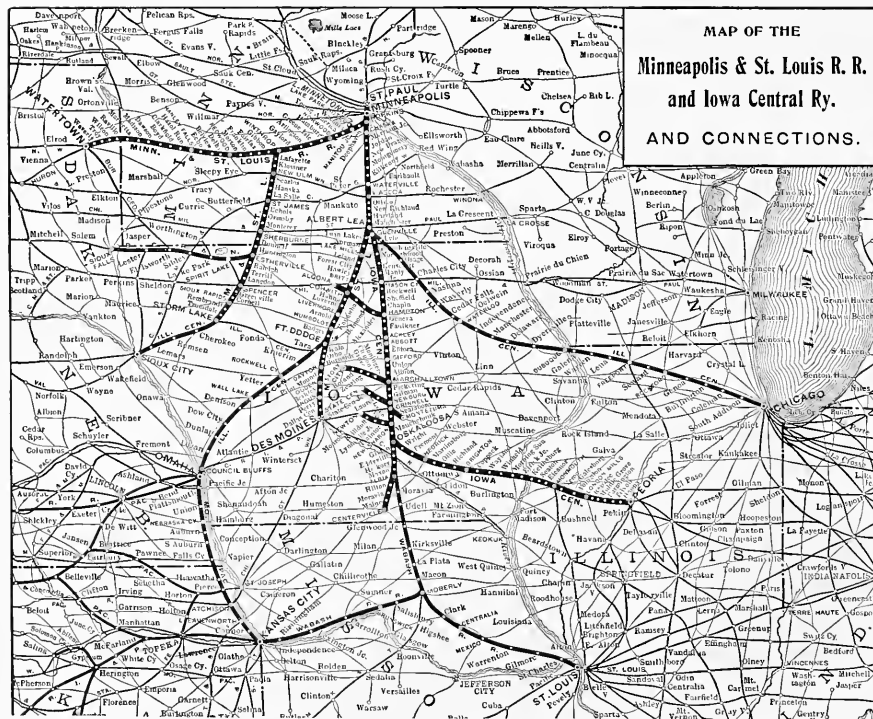
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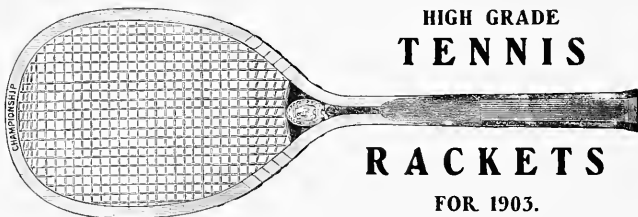
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And run and jump and row,
A girl who never trained at all,
Can draw a six-foot beau.

† † †

Professor Versel—"Miss Owens, may I carry
you home?"

† † †

Hogue—"Can you subtract the greater from
the less?"

Jessie K.—"Yes."

Hogue—"How?"

Jessie—"Take the Freshmen out of the
Sophomore class."

† † †

Croson—"I'll want my wife to know how to
bake chocolate pie."

Carrie H.—"Good, I won't learn how."

Scraps.

The lives of Profs. if we but knew them,
Might not seem so blamed sublime.
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For more they do not roar.

Which shows that men are different

From those whom they adore.

Sweet woman wants but little up

Above her belt, but oh,

She wants a lot of fluffy things

That drag out long below.

† † †

TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

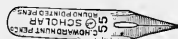
To be a Senior! Sounds *sehr gross*.

To be a Junior! *Ist* divine

To be a Sophomore! *Ist zu naean*.

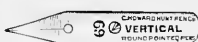
To be a Freshman! *Ach, damit*.

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I wish I knew
Where the greenwood grew,
Which gave us the Freshmen maid.
Though pretty and sweet,
And handsome and neat,
She is green of the darkest shade.

When she goes by
We wonder why
She is so slim and slick:
The reason we fear
Is most too clear—
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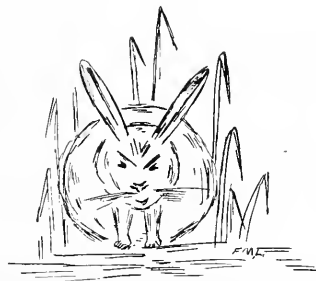
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To have some joy
With a Freshman girl did spark,
When the landlord man
Upon them ran,
And left them in the dark.
The lack of a light
Produced no fright,
They thought it quite a lark;
Though sparking might
Be enjoyed in the light,
Yet the sparks show best in the dark.

Another lass
Of the Freshman class
Went sailing along with Mack;
But she did not note
That they had no boat,
So later provided a smack.

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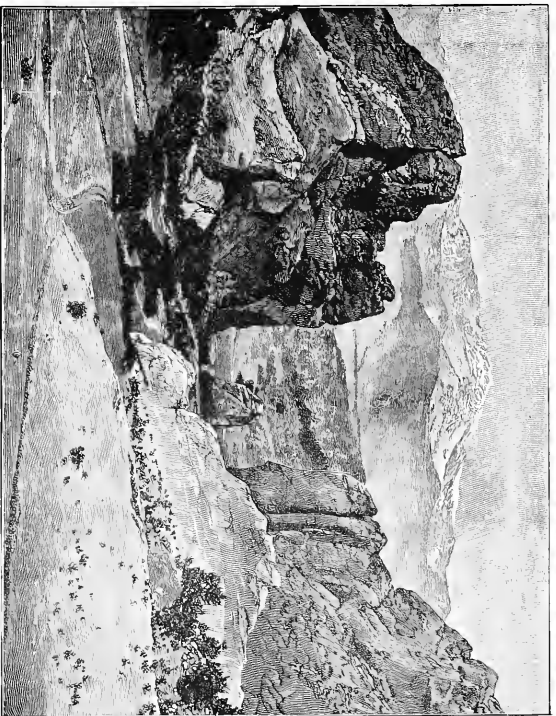
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DO you quite realize that in all the world there is no scenery more gorgeous, more majestic and awe-inspiring than that of Colorado?

Couple this with these facts—

That the climate of Colorado is simply delightful.

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Colorado is not far away. The Burlington Route runs "one night on the road" trains from both Chicago and St. Louis, and they are luxuriously furnished. Sumptuous library smoking cars and dining cars *à la carte* make the trip seem very short. Then during the summer months tourist tickets are sold at greatly reduced rates, so the expense is not great.

Let me send you maps, time tables, ticket rates; and if you want to know more about the country, enclose six cents in postage for our *book on Colorado*. It is a beautiful work, of literary excellence and profusely illustrated.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. K., Chicago, Ill.

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Because

They are

Cheap

Order something becoming, durable
and comfortable. The best is the cheapest.

We Sell That Kind

Wright & Graham

Artistic Tailors and Shirt Makers



Tredick's Quartet.

Blair, Pringle, Tredick, Lytle.

The cabby declared
That he was so scared,
And they needn't try him to cajole.
There was now but one way
Of saving the day,
So they both clambered into the patrol.

Students, Patronize

**Sam F. Smith's
Barber Shop**

*Under People's National Bank, Corner
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All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory.

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We extend our best wishes for future prosperity and happiness.

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We extend a hearty invitation to call and get acquainted.

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We make SPECIAL inside prices.

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GROCERS—202 E. Broadway.

Join the

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Tickets \$1.00 per month.

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110 WEST FIRST AVENUE.

Bicycles,
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Phonographs
and Records,
Guns, etc. etc.

Complete Repair Shop in Connection.

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Everything Clean and Up-To-Date.

...ELECTRIC MASSAGE...

Ladies who desire the massage can make up parties of three to six and can be accommodated at hours arranged in advance.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BANQUETS, RECEPTIONS
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Pure Ice Cream, Ices, Crushed Fruit & Soda Water.

FANCY BOX CANDY A SPECIALTY.

THE BANDS THAT BIND

Hearts together seem to be in great demand just at this season of the year. Your ring is here—just what you want backed up by our full guarantee. Our ring stock has just been strengthened by a wide variety of all that is latest and best. To buy before inspecting is to buy unwisely. Headquarters for Diamonds, loose or mounted.

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PRACTICAL FURNITURE

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HOGUE & JAMIESONS

Also fine Curtains & Rugs

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All the New Styles

of shoes and oxfords are now ready and you will find that they are the most stylish and best made shoes ever sold at anywhere near the same price. Be sure to see the "Ultra" styles before buying. All Leathers. All Styles.

BOOTS \$3.50 OXFORDS \$3.00

E. G. BOWMAN

What We Would Like to Know.

Just how Lafferty got Retta's pin when they were coming from Galesburg.

Who were the contracting parties at the Kap-pa wedding.

When Knox attended a recitation.

What college girls "Oom" Paul hasn't been with.

How Bess Hopping enjoyed the dance, and Norwood the prayer meeting.

Whom Bobbie Lytle really loves.

Why the Faculty peep between their fingers during prayer.

Why some one doesn't put a meter on Gilmer's voice.

Harvey & Burn's Bookstore

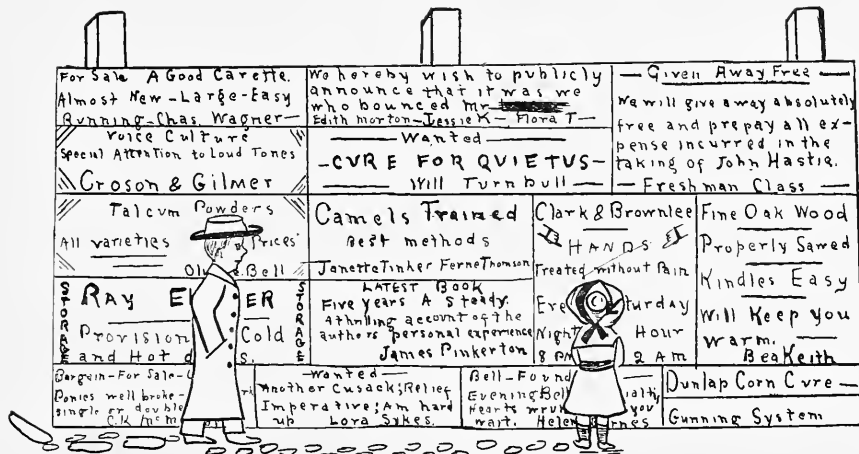
Yes, you will always hear us spoken of as "the book-store," and we do have books in abundance, new and second hand school books, gift books the latest fiction, and the standard works. We are the acknowledged leaders in stationery, but at this time of the year our thoughts turn to out-door life, and we don't want you to forget us on the sporting goods line. We can interest you in any of these.

TENNIS GOODS! BASE BALL GOODS!
HAMMOCKS! CROQUET!

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"The Students' Store,"

213 East Broadway, Monmouth.



Sebe tracks a 'deer.'

SPRIGGS & SONS DRUGGISTS

South Side Square, Monmouth

When in need of the best Fruits,
Nuts, Oysters, etc., go to

D. D. DIFFENBAUGH'S

West Side Square.

S. J. WOLFF,
THE GRINDER

Razors, Barbers' Clippers, Horse Clippers,
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Prices Reasonable. 215 South First Street.

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SECOND-HAND STORE.

Bargains in

Slightly Worn, but Good as New Furniture.
Bicycles Bought and Sold.

Old Postoffice Block. Monmouth, Illinois.

Spring Fever.

Has anything happened to make you ponder?
And spend much time in thought and wonder?
Did you ever lose your rest and slumber?
Perhaps you've a feeling you can't explain
It isn't an ache nor is it a pain
At times it nearly drives you insane.
If so afflicted you'd like to go
Away, way off, from friend or foe
And be by yourself—not alone—oh no
For tho' absent in body you'd be with her in mind
And as you'd think, yourself you'd remind
Of how she has treated you—yes, she's been kind,
Thus you would ponder and at last give a sigh
And if some one heard it, they'd think you'd die
Before many days would pass by.
For common ills a doctor you'd send,
But in this little matter no aid can he lend.
A preacher I'm sure can help you, my friend,
When this ticklish feeling comes near the heart—
This that isn't a pain nor isn't a smart,
Yet you think from you will never part,
A curious thing this troublesome feeling
That over your system comes silently stealing
It will leave you tho', after passionately kneeling:
At some one's feet. When the words you've spoken
Telling her of your love, and offering a token
And she has said no, then your heart will be broken.
If what I've said has proven so,
Don't be discouraged since she said no,
Just try again, but go rather slow.
It's only "spring fever" with which you've been
taken,
Don't let faith in woman by this be shaken,
It is only a case where you were mistaken.

People's National Bank.

Capital	\$75,000
Surplus and Profits	\$60,000

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If there is a new thing out in

Ladies' or Gents' Dress Shoes

You will find it here.

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ESTABLISHED 1835.

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RETAIL DRUGGIST.

Specialties---Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Etc., Etc.
SOUTH MAIN STREET.

**Livery,
115-117-119 North First Street,
Wallie Robinson,
Proprietor.**

Poem.

When first I struck this Monmouth town
All dressed in my best hand-me-down,
My ma, she came along, you know,
To stay with me a night or so.
When I'd planned with one of the boys
To room with him and share his joys,
Ma got awfully scared for me. Fie!
What did she do but break that tie.
A letter just received from pa
Served right then to help my ma.
When ma was gone, I missed her so
I just sat down and cried you know.
And then I said, a lawyer I'd be—
That's why it's all work, no play for me.
At home I had my way, was a pet.
I don't find it that way here you bet.
The boys dispute my word, tease me much;
While back at them I can't even touch.
They say my heels still kick up behind,
Since to this fact I am not blind
With smothered sobs and tears held back,
"It's not my fault," I cry "Gee whack!"
Then I get mad as mad can be,
And stay that way a day or three.
In social ways I'm super fine,
Twice I've taken a girl to dine.
But talk of sporty men, I'm it,
The time will come, I'll make a hit.
I read the daily like a fiend
That I may bet on the best team.
On Pollock's wheel I'm cracker jack,
While other boys think it a quack.
I'm just as wise as Solomon
About all things men think upon.
Further knowledge of this "Ego"
Can be obtained where shown below.

H. Fire Department, 608 E. Broadway

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N. A. SCOTT,

Commission Merchant,

Lowest prices for the best quality. Special to Clubs.

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Sweet Chocolates. Home-made
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fruit ices and sherbets.

The Candy Kitchen, H. L. Speakman, Prop.

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Steam and Hot Water Heating a Specialty

Gas Fittings
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Monmouth, Illinois

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J. N. COX

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Try our Dandruff Cure

Monmouth, Illinois

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We clean and press your
pants.

A Month's Membership Costs You \$1.00, then
you will be a Neat Dresser.

We Shine Shoes

Tresham & Pollock

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National Bank of Monmouth

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W. C. Tubbs, Cashier

W. H. Frantz, Vice-Pres.
Jas. French, Asst. Cashier

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Ivory Quimby
Wm. Firoved
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Will cash your drafts and receive your de-
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MEATS

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Both Telephones 54

My Pathway Reserved.

A lonely path through a dismal wood,
With willows where once the laurels stood
Their branches arching overhead,
Lies gloomy, spectral, black and dread.

The roses are gone and my feet are torn
By the cruel wound of many a thorn.
The path slopes downward and far below
Comes the sound of waters dark and slow.

1893.

1903.

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

104 Market Place.

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Store East Broadway. Phone 88, House 89.

R. E. WHITE, UNDERTAKER.

Largest Furniture Dealer in the City.

SOUTH MAIN STREET.

How dark the wood is! O God, I fear,
I dread the forest stern and drear.
Be near me when those waters wild
Close o'er the form of thy poor child.

But just beyond, though the way seem long,
Is light and laughter, jest and song,
And all I love and long for stand
Safe in my Father's mighty hand.

—Nelson Hall.

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200-206 North Main Street.

***First Class Single and Double Rigs of All Styles; also Good Carriages
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you ask
for
anything
prettier
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Shoes

\$3 & \$4 down

PALACE SHOE STORE

N. E. COR. SQ.



Why?

When Homer nods, or Alexander weeps,
Xantippe smiles, or Virtue haply creeps
Into the pages of Boccaccio,
Some fool will shout, "Aha! I told you so."

A Prayer.

Now I lay me down to rest,
At my lessons I've done my best:
If I die before I wake,
I won't have any exams to take.

Photography

Plates at home. Films abroad.
Premos take both with equal
facility. Find out why.

Rochester Optical Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OTTO FOWLER,
Retail Dealer in Meats,
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205 East Broadway,
Both Phones.

Stein-Bloch & Kuppenheimer's
SUITS AND OVERCOATS

are worn by the
Best Dressed Students
Sold here by us only.

Newest things in furnish-
ings at all times.

SOL SCHLOSS
-AND BRO-

Agents for Knox Hats.

Go to
Hodgens' Restaurant
for your
Ice Cream and
Soft Drinks.

Maple City
Steam Laundry
Work Satisfactorily
Done.
Monmouth, Illinois,
South Main Street



DEDICATION

to

THOMAS C. MCCRACKEN,

Junior representative in the Faculty, Assistant Professor in the high chair of X. Y. Z., Q. E. D., and P. D. Q., we humbly and reverently consecrate this page as a mark of honor and affection due such an august person.

(He is a dangerous man. He hath a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much.)

J. R. Eighme & Son

LIVERY & BOARDING STABLE

Up-to-Date Rigs of All Kinds.

East Side North Main

\$1000

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